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The Week

OCCASIONALLY rumors spread from Washington that President Harding means to seize the reins of leadership and impose an active purpose upon a dawdling and obstructive Congress. Roosevelt succeeded in making his party work in harness, and so did Wilson. Why should not President Harding emulate his vigorous predecessors? There are two serious obstacles to be surmounted. One is Harding's own personality. It is so smooth and accommodating that nobody could take fulminations from Harding at their voice value. Any mule would be astonished if Harding undertook to harness and drive it. The other difficulty is that Harding does not stand in the relation to the public that is right for leadership. Roosevelt and Wilson always managed to wear the garb of champions of the people against an inadequately representative Congress. Roosevelt's "Square Deal" and Wilson's solicitude for the common man "who had never had a look-in" were effective instruments of leadership. And the measures which Roosevelt and Wilson forced through were, or seemed to be, of a popular character. Harding has attained nothing better than "normalcy," a chamber of commerce slogan, and the measures he wishes to enact are all unpopular. There is no popular support for the shipping subsidy bill nor for the coming tariff of abominations. There is no popular confidence in anything Harding may propose in the way of revenue legislation Accordingly he is likely to find himself in an extremely embarrassing position if he tries to assume effective leadership.

SECRETARY HUGHES persists in turning a stony face toward the Mexican government. One by one the legitimate claims of Americans against Mexico are being satisfied. The largest of these, the claims of the holders of Mexican bonds for the principal and defaulted interest, has apparently been satisfactorially negotiated by de la Huerta and the American bankers. The American mining interests in Mexico seem to be contented, and the switch of the Hearst papers to the support of Obregon shows plainly that American landholders in Mexico have little to complain of. The oil men still want more privileges and lower taxes, but their differences with the Obregon government are steadily narrowing. Still, the spokesmen of the State Department reiterate remorselessly that the situation is unchanged. What more does the State Department want? It is widely believed in Mexico that the real obstacle to recognition is the friendly attitude of the Obregon government toward organized labor. A convincing proof of the vigor of this belief was given by the striking workers of Mexico City, who had managed to tie up electric lighting and street car service. They voted to suspend the strike, in order to avoid embarrassing de la Huerta in his financial negotiations with the bankers. It is a new thing to have an American Secretary of State carrying on a war against labor abroad.

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TWENTY percent of the working population of England is unemployed and living by doles costing the British nation five hundred million dollars annually. This is the estimate of Mr. A. G. Gardner. It explains sufficiently British impatience with M. Poincaré, "the French Bismarck," in Mr. Gardner's terms. It is French militaristic ambition and French greed that have made impossible a European adjustment under which British commerce and industry might recover. The British are a patient people, but they cannot be expected to endure the present conditions indefinitely. Either France will have to abate her pretensions, or England will disentangle herself from the Entente and strike out for herself.

FRANCE had committed herself to the project of establishing a common policy toward Russia on the part of the nations to be represented at the Hague. England had opposed this project. On this point a majority of the nations adopted the British view, and the conference will be held unfettered by "principles" which would necessarily be the views of the most irreconcilable member of the conference. There will be no absurd demand that Russia withdraw her unreasonable reply to the unreasonable pronouncements of the western powers at Genoa. The Allied experts will discuss directly with the Russians what they are expected to do and what they may expect to receive in return. Neither side will offer to give anything for nothing. Perhaps it may seem that the situation involves only commonplace diplomatic factors which ought not to disturb any government. Yet the French are greatly disturbed over the conference. The reason is that they are pretty certain that the Soviet government is in a position to make offers that England and Italy and most of the lesser states can afford to accept, but will make no offer that France can accept. And that consideration gives color to the French fear that the conference will be merely the prelude to a series of separate treaties analogous to the Rapallo treaty, which will leave France holding the sack with nothing in it but unacknowledged claims upon Russia.

THE sinister signs of the times are observable at Harvard in two concessions to race prejudice, the exclusion of Negroes from the freshman dormitories and President Lowell's proposal to limit the percentage of Jews admitted to the college. As to the former, it is sufficient to say that every argument advanced by President Lowell for the compulsory segregation of freshmen in dormitories of their own, might be invoked in favor of Negro participation in that system. If the building up of an esprit de corps in accordance with the Harvard tradition be aimed at, what more essential element of such tradition can be cited than that involved in the equality of all students in their relation to the institution? There are two ways of dealing with race prejudice. One is to retreat before it, with apologetic and flattering gestures. This is the Jim Crow way. The other is to attack it, by reason and example. This is the way of education. Harvard has the duty of educating thousands of young men in this as in other problems of citizenship. She is peculiarly bound by the responsibilities of leadership in this matter. She is strong enough to say to candidates for admission that if they are not willing to accept her principle of equality they cannot become her sons. If it be argued that the college authorities cannot protect Negroes in the freshman dormitories from violence, then the case for freshman segregation is seriously questioned, and it may be inquired why freshmen should not be subjected as early as possible to the civilizing and humanizing influences which used to prevail when they roomed in the same entry with seniors and graduates.

THAT President Lowell is himself of the Jim Crow school of thought is shown by his letter to Mr. A. A. Benesch in regard to the limitation of the number of Jews. President Lowell accepts the fact of race prejudice. "There is most unfortunately a rapidly growing anti-Semitic feeling in this country." "The question for those of us who deplore such a state of things is how it can be combatted." "If every college in the country would take a limited proportion of Jews I suspect we should go a long way toward eliminating race feeling among the students." This is a perfect illustration of the attempt to exorcise the fiend by caressing it. The purring note is unmistakable in the phrases in which he invites the Jews themselves to join him whole-heartedly in making this sacrifice. Mr. Benesch found an easy mark in President Lowell's argument, pointing out the logical conclusion that "a complete prohibition against Jewish students in the colleges would solve the problem of anti-Semitism."

CHICAGO is disturbed by conditions of lawlessness approaching, in the words of Judge Scanlan, a reign of terror. In seeking the explanation thereof one old and familiar cause appears—a difference in legal administration giving color to the old saying, one law for the rich and another for the poor. After the acquittal of a building

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trades union leader on the charge of extortion, in the face of what seemed overwhelming evidence of guilt, a juror intimated to the Daily News "that the controlling factor in the verdict was that the prosecution was directed against the labor leaders alone, and that there were no representatives of the building trust brought to trial."

MEANWHILE a monstrous object lesson of the law's delays and the insolence of office is being given at Waukegan, where the governor of Illinois is being tried for embezzlement while treasurer of the state. Governor Small was indicted July 20th, 1921. From the point of view of the public interest, no case could call for or lend itself to speedier adjudication. If the governor is a thief the sovereign people have an immediate right to know it; and nothing could so effectively revive a salutary respect for law as a public demonstration that it is no respecter of persons. The governor declared that he wished immediate vindication, and promptly fled the jurisdiction of the court. Since then his attorneys have raised the following objections as listed by the Chicago Daily News:

> "The divine right of kings" immunity of the governor from arrest.
>
> Interference with state business.
>
> Encroachment of the judicial branch of the government on the executive branch.
>
> Prejudice of Judge Smith and prejudice of all the citizens of Sangamon county, with attendant inability to get a fair trial in Sangamon county.
>
> Inspection of hard roads of the state.
>
> Insufficiency of the indictments.
>
> Illegality of report of the grand jury of Sangamon county.
>
> Illegality of the grand jury itself.
>
> Unconstitutionality of the state treasury act of 1907.
>
> Hard-roadbuilding by the governor and sale of hard-road bonds.
>
> Illegality of jury lists of Lake county because they did not contain the names of woman voters.

Now that the case is at last being presented to the jury it appears that the books of the dummy bank through which Mr. Small, while state treasurer, conducted his loans of public money, were destroyed without authorization by a janitor who has since died. We do not pronounce Governor Small guilty, but after such persistent and scandalous avoidance of opportunity to prove himself innocent, it is not too much to say that the large ends of justice would be dramatically served by conviction, followed by impeachment and prison stripes.

ADMIRAL SIMS, if he is correctly reported in the World of June 14th, does not care what he does even to our most cherished traditions. One of these is that the Germans removed themselves beyond the pale of humanity by introducing the use of poisonous gas. But, according to the Admiral, gas warfare is not inhuman at all, and our impression that it is inhuman was derived from the Allied propaganda when the Germans were using it. If ever we are attacked in the future, says the Admiral, "we will use gas, and we don't care how, when or why." It won't be long before some other general or admiral proves to us that there is nothing inhuman in submarine warfare, aerial warfare and the violation of neutral territory. Whitewashing war is a difficult job, but it can be done.

PAGE Mr. Horatio Alger. The Standard Oil Company of Indiana has announced the appointment of three new directors. One of them began with the company thirty-five years ago, the other two started out as office-boys. This, as knows every lad who brings in water to the boss in lily-cups and announces his visitors, is what office boys are for. They are born to rise. It is only a very lazy and immoral office boy who can fail to become director or president or sales manager. Logically, of course, the vast majority of them must be bums or loafers, since there are about fifteen times as many of them as there are directors. Perhaps some sociological actuary will compute for us the average office boy's expectation of presidency or directorship. If the office boys who did not make good (as directors) would only organize, they could run the country. Then in a burst of injured pride they would reverse the process, so that one entered the economic hierarchy as an ink-well cleaning director, and presidents would be killing grandmothers for the sake of an afternoon at the Polo Grounds. Then at last would be written, by the Horatio Alger of those days, a great American book, called From President to Office Boy.

FOR many months readers of the American papers have been puzzled as to the precise function of the Washington dispatches purporting to elucidate the policies of the State Department. Mr. Hughes has now defined this function. They are "our substitute for parliamentary interpellation." One is reminded of those terrible substitutes for food that went so far toward breaking the spirit of the German people. If we had a system of parliamentary interpellation, Mr. Borah would present his questions on our Russian policy in the Senate and Mr. Hughes would have to appear in person to defend it. Nor would he be absolutely sure of the last word. Every statement he might make would be subject to searching criticism, and

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the affair would end with a vote of the Senate which would determine whether Mr. Hughes should continue to apply his policy or take himself off with all his works. Under our famous "substitute for interpellation" Mr. Hughes and his subordinates may feed out any kind of information they please, saving their consciences. The correspondents may write up this material in their own words, but they had better stick closely to the department's intention, if they wish to conserve the source of their copy and their livings.

Conditions for Russia

IN our issue of May 31st we criticized certain pronouncements of Mr. Hoover's on the conditions that the Soviet government must meet before Russian economic recovery could take place and normal commercial relations could be worth reestablishing. We have received a letter from Dr. E. Dana Durand defending Mr. Hoover's position, which we publish elsewhere in this issue. Dr. Durand is speaking for himself, not in behalf of Mr. Hoover, but since he is chief of the division of Mr. Hoover's department which is responsible for assembling and analyzing economic facts pertaining to Russia, we may assume that his views are fairly representative of Mr. Hoover's.

Mr. Hoover had taken the position that the indispensable condition to Russian production and trade is property rights. We pointed out that there are property rights that are recognized in Russia, and decidedly extensive rights. In principle they are, we think, broad enough to permit foreign trade. Dr. Durand believes otherwise. He thinks the recently granted powers of the cooperatives are too limited. But from an article in the June 5th issue of the Commerce Reports prepared under Dr. Durand's supervision, we learn that the Central Union of Russian Cooperatives is busy buying up and collecting at the ports all kinds of raw materials, and by May 15th had purchased for delivery at the ports goods valued at $3,256,000. It is advertising the acceptance of raw materials for export on commission, payment to be effected in imported goods. That seems clearly to mean that anyone having exportable goods can sell them abroad through the agency of the cooperatives, and receive goods from abroad in return. It also seems to mean that foreigners wishing to send goods into Russia can avail themselves of the cooperative agency to place them and to receive payment in Russian goods.

Dr. Durand has, we think, overlooked also the Soviet decree of March 13, 1920, authorizing the formation of joint stock companies, Russian, foreign or combined, for the purpose of preparing export goods, of selling them abroad, of importing articles necessary for the reestablishment of national economy. These companies may use the facilities of the commissariat of foreign trade (the export-import monopoly) or establish their own offices. These companies may engage in general trade, special lines of trade, or may operate manufacturing establishments for the production of export goods. There is here, we think, a considerable latitude for trade. Working either independently or through the cooperatives Americans could effect the primary operation of trade, namely, conveying American goods to Russia and carrying Russian goods back to America, without legal obstacles raised by the Russian government. We are not so sure that they would escape legal obstacles in America. Certainly the Russian cooperatives, if they sought to do business here, would encounter obstacles. As technically agents of an unrecognized government, they would have no standing in court, and could not defend themselves against unjust seizure of their property nor compel the fulfillment of contracts made with them. This, by the way, is a point that Mr. Hoover always overlooks when he dwells upon the failure of trade to avail itself of the opportunities created by the withdrawal of the formal blockade.

Dr. Durand maintains that it is not so much trade as investment that Russia requires, and the property rights conceded down to the present are far from adequate to attract permanent investors. This we grant, with certain reservations, noting, in passing, that neither the Soviet government nor any other that is likely to appear in the next decade will make Russia an attractive field of permanent investment. What American would care to buy shares in Moscow Electric Light, even if the Romanoffs, or Miliukoff, or Kerensky came back into power and declared private property under every form inviolate? Who would sink his money in a steel plant in the Urals? Nobody would guarantee a long lease of life for any Russian government. Therefore extensive permanent investment is out of the question.

But we think that Dr. Durand fails to take into account the nature of Russian economic life when he lays chief emphasis on permanent investment. Russia is still, as she always has been, essentially a land of agriculture and household industries. Factory industry was so little developed in 1913 that its entire output was valued at only $750,000,000, and of that a quite disproportionate part was localized in Poland. Running under pre-war conditions, the factory industries did not produce five dollars per capita of the population. And the

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aggregate capital of these industries was $91,000,000. Russia needs foreign capital to repair and reequip factories, but not in the vast sums we habitually discuss. More capital is needed to restore transportation, but that is a government enterprise, and nothing but confidence in the stability of the government will draw capital to it.

Apart from transportation Russia does not need, and probably could not use profitably immense sums of permanent capital. She does need extensive trading credit, to carry materials in process of manufacture and on their way to market, and above all, to carry agricultural production through the time required to make a crop. There are tens of millions of acres of land that lie waste for want of machinery, power and seed, and other tens of millions of acres wretchedly cultivated. These lands will not be brought into productive shape by the promise of paper rubles. They could be brought into shape by a systematic scheme of advancing materials and machinery through the cooperatives, under agreement to return part of the crop. Similarly the domestic industries could be restored to a certain vigor through credit advanced covering the material and the necessities of the laborer.

Russia has always been a backward country, economically, and it will long remain such. It yielded a sufficient agricultural surplus before the war to support an extensive trade, and it could be made to yield a surplus again if the commercial nations, instead of trying to bully Russia into assuming a vast volume of Tsarist debts, addressed themselves directly to the conditions essential to trade. We are far from believing that the Soviet government has made all the concessions that are necessary to this end. But the commercial nations have never stated in good faith what concessions would answer the purposes of trade alone.

Dr. Durand points out that Mr. Hoover "has never made any statement as to just how complete and untrammeled he thinks property rights must be made." And that, we think, is the fatal defect that associates him with the reactionaries, with whom he has really nothing in common. We know that he is a friend of Russia. But so long as he talks in vague terms about the necessity of restoring private property, he is giving aid and comfort to the enemies of Russia. Semenoff and Poincaré use exactly the same formula as Mr. Hoover while meaning something entirely different. And we think that Mr. Hoover is under a heavy moral obligation to define precisely what property rights must be restored.

He would, we think, distinguish sharply between the property interests of Russians and those of foreigners. The former are primarily the business of the Russian people themselves. In the case of properties formerly owned by foreigners, he would recognize that their position is analogous to that of German properties in the custody of the Alien Property Custodian. We all made war on Russia, which is no valid reason why we should not get our private property back, but is a valid reason why we should not be very impatient about it, so long as we are keeping German properties ourselves—properties of a vastly greater aggregate value. Mr. Hoover would doubtless stipulate for a greater freedom of purchase and sale of export and import, for foreigners undertaking to do business in Russia. He would keep his hands off the Tsarist and war debts, knowing that there is not the least possibility of any payment of interest and principal for a number of years, and no present promises on this score amount to anything. Russia will probably pay as much of those debts as the moral sense of mankind demands, when she has recovered her productive powers.

But we do not presume to anticipate Mr. Hoover's definition of the minimum property rights required. We are persuaded that if Mr. Hoover would define those rights, and were in a position to notify the Soviet government that once they were assured American recognition and an energetic attempt to reopen trade would follow, the Soviet government would promptly assure them.

That would not produce the instant economic recovery of Russia. No vast volume of trade would spring into existence over night. But little by little the cooperatives would knit the relations of credit and trade. Little by little Americans of enterprise would turn their energies to the problem of Russian factory production. That is not all that Mr. Hoover can accomplish, when he is prepared to take his friendship for Russia seriously. But it is all that can be accomplished by a mere definition. Except this: that in the long struggle that goes on in the Soviet government between the moderates and extremists, such an act of common sense and goodwill on Mr. Hoover's part would greatly strengthen the moderates. Mr. Hoover knows, as everyone else does, that the arrogance and greed of the French at Genoa produced a violent reaction at Moscow, and greatly strengthened the extreme Left. The French may feel complacent over the mischief they wrought, because they would rather have chaos in Russia than a recovered nation not subservient to their policy. Mr. Hoover has no vested interest in Russian chaos. He can afford to take the risk of defining terms so fair that they will have to be accepted.

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Labor Facing the Future

THERE is little complacency reflected in the press reports of the convention of the American Federation of Labor. The last year has been one of difficult fighting, to say the least. No important piece of legislation has been secured from Congress during the year; instead, labor has had to count itself lucky in that it succeeded in defeating legislation injurious to it. The Harding administration has not shown itself friendly to labor. Taking the country as a whole, the spirit of the state and local governments has distinctly stiffened against labor. Employers' associations have been active, and to an unusual extent successful, in their attacks upon unionism, and public sentiment, even where it has not aligned itself with the employers, has been decidedly lukewarm toward the claims of labor. There has been great suffering from unemployment, and very little energetic effort on the part of either the federal or the state and local authorities to work out an effective plan of abating the evil. And wages have been undergoing a process of deflation which goes beyond the fears of the pessimists. The recent reductions in railway wages, grave as they are in their immediate effect, are gravest in their relation to the general movement. For months employers have been hinting that when once railway and mining wages have been deflated, labor will accept reductions all along the line.

Against such inimical forces organized labor is fighting hard, and will continue to fight. It may be compelled to recede from some of the positions it holds, but if it does, it will try to retake them later, when conditions are more favorable. Most of the force of the attack upon unionism is derived from transitory sources. Labor will be stronger, as heretofore, on a rising market. But it would be a shallow optimism that saw nothing more serious in current anti-unionism than a hard-times enthusiasm. What is going on everywhere is a drawing together of the employing class. Employers associations are forming on every hand, and existing associations are tightening their grip on their members. There is a hardening class consciousness among employers, and that is likely to survive the present emergency. The strategy of the employers is improving, and they have learned how to appeal effectively to the general public through propaganda. Under the conditions that are likely to prevail in the future labor will have to evolve better leadership, develop better strategy, if it is even to hold its own. Bettering its position is out of the question unless it proceeds promptly to a revision of its technique.

The old technique of American trade unionism was an offshoot of the business technique of the last century. Every producer strove to get the best possible price for his product. Trade unionism followed suit. It protested loudly against treating labor as a commodity, but no employer was more rigorous in his application of the concept of labor as a commodity than the unions themselves. They were bent on establishing definite standards of performance and definite standards of pay. This achieved, their work was done. They did not seek to create any other nexus between the laborer and his job than the cash nexus. Production and marketing, with all the political relations involved, were left to the employers.

That is so much the case even today that the forming of a tariff is assumed to be simply a negotiation between the employing interests and the consuming public. Labor is given no place in the transaction nor does it ask for a place. And the consequence is that the employing class is habituated to playing an active part in politics, while the working class is not. The Harding administration would feel itself complimented rather than maligned by the characterization, "a business administration." But a business administration is an employing class administration.

Labor will need, in the future as in the past, to concern itself with rates of pay and standards of work. But it will not be successful in defending its interests if it takes so limited a view of its functions. More and more the policies of government will affect labor directly. The part the government is now taking in the deflation of wages is indicative of what will happen repeatedly in the future. And this condition demands of labor a different attitude toward politics from that which it has assumed in the past. "Help our friends and strike our enemies, irrespective of party" was good tactics when the issues were simple. They are complex now, and labor needs in Congress, not amiable politicians catering occasionally to the labor vote, but a definite labor bloc, on the job continuously, able not only to defeat measures injurious to labor but to press measures of positive benefit to it.

The labor movement of the future will have to supplement collective bargaining with direct and vigorous political activity. Nor will that suffice. There is something hopeless in the struggle to fix living wages when the prices of the necessities of life are controlled by a commercial system which works incessantly to increase the margin between production prices and prices to the consumer. The development of cooperative institutions is impera-

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tive, if organized labor is really to safeguard its standard of living.

Before the war the labor movement of Continental Europe had learned the lesson that substantial improvement was to be attained only through the triple form of organization, the trade unions, the political party and the cooperatives. Each branch worked independently, but there was the closest sympathy and the most fruitful cooperation among them. The American labor movement will have to adopt a similar plan, if it is to prove equal to the forces rising against it.

And even more, it will need to reconsider the traditional distribution of functions between employers and workmen. The abandonment to the employer of all responsibility for keeping the production machine going was rational enough, in its time. But today the defects of the plan are obvious. In the housing crisis that has afflicted most of our greater cities labor has allowed itself to be jockeyed into an obstructionist position. The building employers have been given the chance of appearing in the rôle of servants of the public, eager to abate the intolerable conditions attending a housing shortage, while the workers have often allowed themselves to appear as a selfish conspiracy, subordinating every public interest to that of a maximum wage for a minimum day's work. And yet they recognize the value of a friendly attitude on the part of the general public.

The trade union grew up as a militant organization, and its militant function remains vital. But conditions have changed so radically that it is doubtful whether the purely militant organization can long remain an effective force in the industrial field. The labor movement will have to broaden its field of activities. And in so doing it will enrich its leadership by enlisting new types, who are not only good fighters, like Mr. Gompers and his coterie of the old school, but industrial statesmen as well, with insight sufficiently keen to recognize the current changes in our economic and political life, and imagination sufficiently active to conceive the necessary adaptations in the tactics and objectives of organized labor.

The League of Youth

THOSE who are weary of flappers and shifters in life and letters will read with comfort Professor Spingarn's manifesto to the younger generation in a recent number of the Freeman. The author characterizes the current doctrine of modernity which finds the only test for truth or art in novelty, and the sole period of interest in "the fragile and ephemeral moment of physical youth," as a disease. Looking backward over the past decade he sees the value of this self-confident assertion of youth as a means of destroying "the academic dry rot that is undermining the creative and intellectual spirit of the nation," and of ridding ourselves of "the last remnants of the older American 'moralism' in thought, taste and action;" but he believes that this clearing of the ground has been accomplished: that "the day of revolt for revolt's sake is over." He directs his audience toward constructive effort and points out the tools. "I who once called upon young men for rebellion and doubt, now call upon them for thought and faith."

It may be questioned whether modern youth has fulfilled so thoroughly its cleansing mission of eliminating "academic dry rot" and "American moralism" as Professor Spingarn hopes; but he is doubtless right in thinking that it has accomplished all in this direction that it can by mere challenge and self-assertion. And it is to be noted that his advice has been anticipated in a measure by those whom he so earnestly addresses. Among American youth in higher schools and colleges, along with the development of social, moral and artistic revolt, there has declared itself a movement which is a real embodiment of Professor Spingarn's prescription of thought and faith. The chief characteristic of youth in revolt is individualism, self-assertion, egoism. The leading features of the present movement are its cooperative method and its social outlook.

It was in the period of suppression of freedom of speech just after the war that a conference of liberals was called by students at Harvard with the purpose of founding a Harvard Students Liberal Club. This enterprise expanded into the Intercollegiate Liberal League, which has now become a federation of college liberal clubs known as the National Students Forum. The object of this organization is the untrammeled pursuit of truth. In an address at the conference at Harvard Mr. Walter Lippmann pointed out that the problem of democracy has changed—"that universal suffrage and freedom of speech are not enough; they have to be supplemented by the organization of knowledge and the arrangement of access to that knowledge." Clearly here is a great and necessary work to be done for the mass of mankind; and it is the best possible preparation for the task that college men and women should begin to do it for themselves.

The National Students Forum is purely an organization for diffusing information, promoting discussion and stimulating intellectual activity through various local groups. By the principle

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of federation it has grown rapidly, taking advantage of the interest which has awakened simultaneously in many colleges, until at present it has fourteen constituent bodies. The concentration of control and active direction in the hands of students themselves has been one reason for the rapidity of its growth, in contrast with the other leading intercollegiate organization representing liberal activity.

It was in 1905 that the Intercollegiate Socialist Society was formed by a group of liberals, not all of them socialists, including Thomas Wentworth Higginson, Upton Sinclair, Charlotte Perkins Gilman and Jack London, "for the purpose of promoting an intelligent interest in socialism among college men and women." This society has both broadened and defined its object by becoming in this last year the League for Industrial Democracy—broadened it by substituting for a political program a social ideal, and defined it by pledging its members to specific allegiance instead of vague interest. The democracy of the nineteenth century was concerned with winning for the people the opportunity to express their will through political machinery. Its triumphs were expressed in reforms of the method of representation and extension of the franchise. The democracy of the twentieth century must be engaged in the far more complex task of winning for the people the control of the industry by which they live. No one who really believes in democracy doubts this. To abjure democracy in a world in which great masses of population are already in the possession of political power is unthinkable. To educate and inform these masses even to the extent of giving them an intelligent basis for the selection of policies and leaders is a task of overwhelming magnitude. To provide for the gradual and peaceful extension of their control from the political to the economic sphere is a process in which it is not inconceivable that industry itself and the material basis of civilization may go down in ruin. One necessary undertaking is to prepare the minds of men, especially of the class which now holds control of industry and profits by it, in order that the revolution in society may be led by a change in human nature, and become, in Mr. J. A. Hobson's phrase, revolution by consent, not by violence. No more important subject of liberal thought and social activity could be presented to college students than this,—and no more exacting test of their faith in the ability of humanity to evolve conditions for its own survival.

These serious movements among American students are of a significance which already affords a respectable counterpoise to the tendencies which manifest themselves so unfruitfully in the spectacular defiance of reverence, decorum and restraint. It might be thought that educators and guides of youth, perplexed by the growing insurgency of the body in college life as manifested by the emphasis on athletics and dancing, and the recrudescence of hazing, would learn that the natural discipline of the body is furnished by the mind, and would welcome the disposition of their charges to busy themselves with things of real concern to society and the future of the world. Instead we have an attitude of suspicion and distrust, which here and there breaks out into persecution and suppression. A few college presidents, a national vice-president, a civic federation with the assistance of discredited Luskers, devote themselves to hunting out heresy in colleges and protecting college halls from the pollution of criticism of our unrivalled social organization.

But the atmosphere in which this inquisition works is far less favorable than it was even a year ago. Indeed, the chief danger to the student liberal movement is that it may be overstimulated by such stupid and factious opposition as was recently witnessed at Clark University. It is far better that the movement should not lose its character of intellectual inquiry in a struggle for that freedom of speech which the liberalism of the past was supposed to have won. But if the issue is deliberately raised we may confidently look to the students to give a better account of themselves than their teachers. After all the students are not economically dependent on the institution; the dependence is the other way around. It is not impossible that the battle for academic freedom so often lost in the faculty room may be won on the campus.

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The Minimum Wage in Great Britain

THE tactics of war have several lessons for social reformers, and one of them is that an attack has not succeeded till it has defeated the counter-attack. In Great Britain there have been counter-attacks during the past two years all along the line. Naturally the principle of the legal minimum wage, which, introduced as long ago as 1909, received a wide extension during and after the war did not escape them. The result was the appointment by the government of a committee to inquire into the wording and effect of the Trade Boards acts. Its report, which has just appeared, is a somewhat amateurish document, replete with general statements unsupported by the all-important facts on which they purport to be based, and one must wait for enlightenment on the economic issues till the evidence is published. But as a landmark in the history of British social policy it is of considerable importance. The depression, both economic and moral, gave critics of the trade board system an unequalled opportunity. It was exposed during 1920 to the severest possible strain—a period when wholesale prices were falling, and the cost of living was still rising. A section of the press conducted something like a campaign against it. The government, presumably of set purpose, did not include in the committee any person who had practical experience of the procedure of the trade boards. All that could be said against them was said, and the majority of the tribunal certainly had no initial bias in their favor. The outcome of it all is a report which is, on the whole, a vindication. The changes which it proposes to introduce into the system are important, and some of them (were they ever to be carried out) would be regrettable. But the more violent of the attacks on it are rebutted, and the legal minimum wage is to stand. "Trade Boards have succeeded in abolishing the grosser forms of underpayment and in regularizing wage conditions in trades brought under the Acts;" they have "contributed on the whole to the improvement of industrial relations;" they have "afforded protection to the good employer from unscrupulous competitors . . ." "It is only fair to say that the employers represented before us were wholly opposed to the 'sweating' of labor, and were desirous that it should be prevented by legislative action." If the legal minimum wage could weather the economic hurricane which has blown since the end of 1919, it can weather anything. Henceforth, it may be predicted, it is in one form or another, secure.

A legal minimum wage is not a very sensational reform, and to say this is not, it may be thought, to say much. But it must be remembered that not much more than ten years ago it was regarded in Great Britain as embodying the combination of economic folly with moral perversity for which the American name is, I understand, Radicalism, and there are said to be countries where that point of view is still not wholly without influence. The conversion of opinion is shown by the comparatively rapid extension of the system. When the first Trade Boards act was passed in 1909, boards were to be established in only four industries, of which two were, judged by the numbers employed in them, insignificant. At the end of 1921, they had increased to (if Ireland be included) sixty-three, covering some 3,000,000 workers, and their powers had been considerably extended by an amending act passed in 1918. On the whole the extension of the trade boards to new trades had taken place by consent on the part not only of the workers, but of the majority of employers, and, though of course there are exceptions, the proceedings of the boards are generally marked by goodwill. The complaints which led to the appointment of the recent committee were vociferous only in certain trades, and were directed mainly against the policy ascribed to particular boards. They should not be mistaken for an attack upon the system.

In view of the allegations which used at one time to be made as to the impracticability of a legal minimum wage this result is highly satisfactory. The cause to which it is primarily due is, in my judgment, the nature of the machinery by which rates are fixed. When an employer or an economist who has no practical experience of the working of the system is confronted by the suggestion that "the State" should fix a minimum wage, the image which floats before his horrified eyes is of a well-meaning but technically ignorant official thrusting an iron rod into the complicated mechanism of industry. Needless to say, nothing like this has occurred, or indeed, so far as I am aware, has been proposed. What happens in fact under the British system is that each trade virtually, though not quite wholly, regulates itself. The boards are composed of an equal number of employers and workers, *plus* a small minority of "appointed members," who have no direct connection with the industry. At the last stage in the negotiations, the latter, by throwing their weight on one

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side or the other, may produce a decision. But, apart from that power, which naturally is used with discretion, the settlement of the minimum rates is in the hands of persons engaged in the industry, or of advisers whom they appoint to represent them, such as the secretary of an employers' association or of a trade union, who have an intimate knowledge of its technicalities and the more direct interest in regulating it in such a way as not to impair its efficiency. The boards therefore serve, as far as the questions of wages which are within their purview are concerned, as an organ of industrial self-government. The procedure has other advantages besides that of bringing expert knowledge to bear upon industrial problems. It helps to create, in badly organized industries, a rudimentary industrial conscience and morale. It confronts the employer who says he will be ruined if he pays a penny an hour more, with the experience of his more efficient competitor who is underselling him while paying higher wages and compels him to ask himself whether, by better machinery and management, he cannot produce the same results. It promotes organization among both employers and workers. "The State," therefore plays an important, but a comparatively unobtrusive part in the proceedings. It brings the boards into existence, confirms the minimum rates when they have been fixed, and enforces them by inspection and, when necessary, by prosecution. But the details of the regulation to which each trade shall submit are fixed mainly by members of that trade itself.

These advantages were recognized by the committee and its criticisms, such as they were, were directed not against the machinery of the trade board system (which, indeed, they commended) but mainly against the use said to have been made of their powers by certain boards. It appears to have been met on the threshold of its inquiries by a complaint as to the interpretation sometimes alleged to be given to the phrase, minimum rates. The point was an instructive one. Under the original Trade Boards act of 1909, a trade board could be established by the Board of Trade (now by the Ministry of Labor) whenever it was satisfied "that the rate of wages prevailing in any branch of the trade was exceptionally low as compared with that in other employments;" once established, it must fix minimum time-rates, and might fix minimum piece-rates. The Act of 1918 somewhat modified the procedure through which boards must go before a minimum rate becomes legally operative, extended their powers by authorizing them to fix over-time rates, guaranteed time-rates and piece-work basis time-rates, and, most important, widened the whole scope of the existing legislation by empowering the Minister of Labor to establish a trade board, not merely, as before, when wages are "exceptionally low," but whenever he is "of opinion that no adequate machinery exists for the effective regulation of wages throughout the trade."

The change of wording was deliberate. The Act of 1918 was passed at the time when the government was coquetting with "Social Reconstruction." Joint industrial councils were to be established in organized, trade boards in unorganized, or badly organized, industries: between them, it was argued, they would cover the whole field. But it led, according to the report of the recent committee, to a change in the practice of some boards which it regards as highly unfortunate, and to the reversal of which the larger part of its recommendations is directed. Its main criticism of the system is that, whereas it was originally established to prevent "sweating," boards had in fact pushed up minimum rates till, in some cases, they had become indistinguishable from the standard rates fixed by trade unions and employers' associations, and that "to compel the payment" of such rates "by the threat of criminal prosecution appears to us to be an oppressive use of the power of the State." The committee recommends, therefore (1) that trade boards shall be established only in those cases where *both* "the rate of wages prevailing . . . is unduly low," *and* "no adequate machinery exists for the effective regulation of wages," (2) that the only rates to be fixed by the board as a whole and to be enforced by criminal proceedings shall be "the lowest wage which should be paid to the ordinary worker of the lowest grade of skill engaged in the trade," rates higher than this to be left to be fixed by agreement between the employers and workers on the boards and to be enforceable only by civil proceedings (as is at present the case with regard to the minimum rates fixed for miners under the Act of 1912).

It is satisfactory that a committee the majority of which certainly had no bias in favor of legislative interference in industry should have unanimously upheld the principle of the legal minimum. It is perhaps not wholly unsatisfactory that they should have dragged to light the varying interpretations given to it. What they were evidently trying to do is what has been attempted in the past by more than one writer on the question. They wish to draw a sharp distinction between a minimum which should be based on the cost of living and be a subsistence wage and all rates above that. This sounds plausible enough in theory: if I remember rightly Mr. Seebohm Rowntree suggested much the same basis for a minimum in his book on

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The Human Needs of Labor, though his subsistence minimum worked out at a figure which would have horrified the committee. In practice matters are not so simple. For one thing, there is the familiar vagueness of the word "subsistence:" no one has ever been able to say what it ought to include, and it is not probable that anyone ever will. The conception is so vague as to be almost worthless as a guide to action. For another thing, that vague conception is impossible often to apply in practice. In the first trade in which a board was established—the making of light chains—many women were getting before the board was set up five to seven shillings a week. A very moderate estimate of "subsistence" would have trebled their wages. If that standard had been applied at once, instead of being approached (as was done in fact) by stages reached over a period of years, the effect would have been wide-spread unemployment. If, finally, the minimum wage which a trade can afford is in excess of the "subsistence" level, why on earth should not the workers be protected by the state in the enjoyment of it? It is no more hardship to an employer in a thriving industry to be under a legal obligation to pay a minimum of three pounds than it is for an employer in a trade which just struggles on to be obliged to pay not less than thirty shillings, and an industrial policy based on the idea that there is a difference is illogical. The statement that to compel the former to toe the line "is an oppressive use of the power of the State" is metaphysics such as practical men are fond of introducing to help them out of a difficulty, and bad metaphysics at that.

The fact is, it may be suggested, that the whole attempt to confine the legal minimum wage to supposedly "sweated" trades and workers is based on an illusion. Social reform in England and perhaps everywhere, being more sentimental than logical, always begins by protesting that it will deal only with the crying abuses and the notorious scandals, and protesting that nothing will induce it to go beyond that. The factory acts—applied first to pauper children in cotton mills, then to all children in the textile trades, then to women and children in the textile trades, then to women and children in all factories and workshops—began in precisely the same way. But once launched, they acquired a momentum which carried them over the greater part of the field of industry. Minimum wage legislation has already run precisely the same course in Australia. It will run it in England, whatever hedges Committees of Enquiry may try to erect. What will be remembered ten years hence, it may be prophesied, will be, not the amendments which this latest committee has proposed, but the general endorsement of the system. In the meantime, its report, and still more the evidence which it collected, are on record, and may be of some small service to inquirers and reformers in other countries.

R. H. Tawney.

Desert's Edge

IT is an old story that East is East and West is West, that the twain shall never meet, and that the difference is more fundamental than subway versus camel, sky-scraper and harem, factories, universities and battle-cruisers on our side, and mosques and temple dancers on the other. East and West, we say, approach life from different angles. In the East, for instance, people actually overthrow their rulers if trade is dull or a long drought kills the crops; they hold their rulers accountable for the play of economic forces and the beneficence of nature. We should call it voting on the issue of the full dinner pail. Then these strange people of the East persist in overcrowding; with all outdoors to spare, two million of them pack themselves into a plot of ground not large enough for a tenth that many. That is because of the traditional short-sightedness of the East. Its people haven't the instinct for orderliness that would enable them to plan ahead—or, having misplanned, the intellectual courage to grapple with the slum and tenement. And how do they celebrate their precious holidays, these singular Asiatic people? They watch priests beating kettle-drums or flying dragon-kites. They don't seem able to create their own recreations, or participate in those that are created for them. They would be left stranded, without the priests to think up games for them. A handful of actors stage the sport. They never flock in forty thousands to watch a baseball game.

Syria and Palestine are only on the fringe of Asia; but I have begun to doubt that byword East is East. There is a gulf, no doubt, between the East and West. Is it a gulf as wide as we create sometimes, to reassure ourselves that here is a quaint continent in need of half-mystical inter-

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pretation and a guiding hand? Especially a guiding hand.

II.

A latticed window opens, the curtains rustle, and the Veiled Lady of the East looks down into the sunny street, and sighs. . . . She has been doing that for years, and always with success, for the veiled eastern lady means Romance. Our novelists exploit her. She haunts our drama. The movies could not do without her. She lures restless old men who detest travel into reading books about it. She dances at the county fair. A tawdry picture of her sells a box of cigarettes. Before her billboard version the grocer's boy stands spell-bound. She is the product of the eastern world; but you must go west to find her empire. The East is used to her.

The West is not. And that makes the difference. To us she is mystery and forbidden fruit. We disassociate her from the drudgery of life. The veiled lady of the East belongs to palaces and peacock feathers. We never envisage her bent over the week's wash or frying fish.

Yet drudgery is more often hers than peacock feathers. She sweeps and cooks and sweeps again, for a spouse who regards her placidly from one meal-time to another. She is a drudge without even the modest compensation of movies in the evening or a novel of life among the upper classes. She is a slave to ignorance and a slave to marriage. She is centuries out of date.

I review these facts, and go to see my friend Abu Hussein. In the garden his wife passes me. I have seen her here before, but I have never seen her face. I am inclined to think, however, that if she raised her veil I'd see the image of my own Aunt Molly. There would be no fascination in that hidden face. It would be genial, ruddy, middle-aged. But she passes me in the garden; two eyes smile at me through a veil; and because I am a novice all the glamor of the East goes with her.

III.

There is something fine about a Moslem mosque. Often it starts with a great court of pillars, fountain in the centre, blue sky overhead. Then the mosque itself: Byzantine domes on four plain pillars, a brighter sun than any northern temple ever catches, streaming in through windows opened wide. No niches holding idols, no holy of holies barred to laymen. No Buddhist prayer-wheel, Shinto fox, or twelve-armed Brahmin god. No saint in bronze, no relic from the Holy Land, of the sort that here and there a Christian church displays, credited with supernatural power, prayed to in all reverence. Nothing at all save space and light and emptiness. Plain walls, high ceiling, and bare floor. . . . In one respect Mohammed has been fortunate. To be sure, his religion clings passionately to archaic standards. It enslaves women. It prostitutes education to the mere memorization of outworn classics. But at least Mohammed keeps his temples as he wanted them. Unscarred by superstition, they remain as simple and straightforward as they were when the Prophet spread his faith across the desert.

IV.

There are two Jerusalems. One rises within the other, a store-house for the pilgrims built amid the minarets and mosques.

At first this inner city seems too awful to be real. That spot which tradition marks as Calvary may once have been a hill; today a rambling temple covers it, sheltering half a dozen hostile sects who crucify wax Christs, boast the superior sanctity each of its own bit of ground, and quarrel over rights and privileges so spiritedly that here, where legend says the first Christian died, a neutral Moslem watchman has often had to be entrusted with the key. This is the Church of the Holy Sepulchre.

Outside, the Via Dolorosa leads across the city, marked with twelve marble slabs for Christ's twelve resting-places, lined with shrines displaying crowns of thorns and Roman chains. The Garden of Gethsemane, no longer a place of shelter from the hardness of the world, blooms as a formal garden in French style. Behind its trim hedges, "beneath the tree where Christ sat," pilgrims snap each other with their cameras.

All this has happened naturally enough. We are descendants of the monkeys, and we make a virtue of museums. No place is too awe-inspiring for us. If we could reach Valhalla one of our first acts would be to put umbrella-stands inside its doorways. Jerusalem has fallen to the showman. Inevitably this eastern city has become the western pilgrim's happy hunting ground.

V.

In the Holy City there's a rock where God is going to sit on Judgment Day. The legends of three faiths agree to that. It belongs to the Mohammedans, who have built a blue-tiled mosque above it. But the rock itself is reverenced by Jews and Christians too.

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For here, on the top of Mount Moriah, more than one miracle in the Scriptures was performed. And here, praying beneath an overhanging shaft of stone, Mohammed on his way to heaven bumped his head. Any good Mohammedan can show you the very spot. It is as unmistakable as a shell-pit. Trust the Moslem to have documentary proof, where Jew and Christian have to go on faith.

The Rock is like The Flag. It does not change by changing hands. But in a moment of excitement, different people invoke its prestige differently, to suit their own intentions. It means "Join the League" or "No Super-Government." "Intervention" or "Stay Out." That is one use we make of flags and George Washingtons and of words like "honor," "justice" and "necessity." Given a focal point where legend and emotion gather, and men will make its meaning what they choose. That is what has happened to this Rock.

VI.

From the hills, the valley of the Jordan seems a narrow rainbow: farthest off, the lilac of the desert bad-lands, then the purple of the valley and its trees, then the yellow of the sand, nearer still the dark brown of these tarnished hills from whose crests you see the river. Halfway to the Jordan the mud huts of Jericho gather dismally around a dogged spring. Occasionally a carriage-load of pilgrims rattles through its scorching streets, on their way to fill a flask with holy water.

The holiest shrines are often the most distant ones. There's Mecca, for the Moslem, five hundred miles of sand and blistering sun. There is Amernath for the Hindu, first abode of great god Siva—off behind the mountains in the North. And for the Christian here's the Jordan, halfway round the world from where two hundred million Christians live.

Are places holy because they are hard to get to?

There's adventure to be had, in striking from the highway. There's a joy of achievement in travelling rough roads, no matter toward what goal they lead. There's a satisfaction, telling tales of places other people haven't seen. There's an aura of charm still possible about a distant shrine, that might vanish if you brought it nearer home. Put Mecca on a trans-Arabian air-line, within three hours of Bagdad and Damascus, and it might lose its pilgrims. Move the Jordan to Nebraska, and within a week Congress would vote funds for dredging it.

I do not know whether the Esquimo has either god or prophet. But if he is a religious man an iceberg eighty miles at sea, ringed with arctic whirlpools, is probably his most sacred shrine.

VII.

For five miles, to the traveller coming either north or south, ancient Tyre lies ahead like a torpedo boat destroyer anchored off the coast. Not until the last moment does the low peninsula come in sight that connects it with the mainland. Rather it seems to be an island. And in fact it was one, until Alexander marched along, besieged the place for seven months, and finally built an embankment that his troops might storm the city.

Over and over again in history Tyre has been besieged and conquered. Alexander sold thirty thousand of its people into slavery. Romans and Arabs stormed it. Egyptians plundered it. Godfrey of Bouillon marched the first Crusaders through it. Saladin took it away from the Crusaders. And the Turks took it away from Saladin's successors. It has been bombarded, sacked, and pulled to pieces. Its people have been conquered and carried into exile. After each attack it rallied; even recovered part measure of its former glory. But there was one great conqueror it could not hold out against. And he was the explorer, opening new trade routes into Asia.

Economic isolation accomplished what armies had never yet been able to achieve. Tyre lost its hold on life. Its commerce dwindled. A squalid village took the place of that imperial city-state which founded Carthage. If you would do your enemy in, try economics. Boycott is mightier than the sword.

Alexander's embankment is still there. The road is wider now. On both sides of the embankment the tides have slowly heaped up sand. Within the memory of ten generations no other civic improvement has been made in Tyre.

VIII.

I look at Tyre, and conclude that life has changed more in the time between my grandfather and me than it changed in all the years between my grandfather and the first high-priest of Tyre.

That is overstressing it. But how much? Neither my grandfather nor the high-priest ever saw, or dreamed there could exist, such things as radio stations, monoplanes, type-setting machines, woman suffrage, 62-mile cannon, moving pictures, psycho-analysts and billion dollar budgets. Things basic to life, like human passions, may take a million years to change. But things that can alter life profoundly, the instruments of civilization, have changed with lightning speed. Today an idea flits

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as easily from Boston to Calcutta as it used to go from grandfather on the porch to grandmother in the kitchen.

Not so long before my grandfather, nearly every community raised its own food, tanned its own leather, spun its own cloth. People lived in clusters. And the clusters were none too closely linked together. Now and then someone rode in, with news that the King of England had died seventeen weeks come Friday.

And today? If at two o'clock on Thursday afternoon the King of England appears upon the palace steps with trousers seams pressed down the sides, every village in America reads about it Thursday evening. "News" interlocks the world. So do steamships and investments. Communities no longer support themselves. They make buttons or electric lights—and live on food produced by processes of which they have no understanding, in a part of the world they've never seen. The twentieth century world is a world of perilous concentration, of interlocking interests, of desperate specialization. It is a new game. And part of the time we play it with old rules made in Tyre.

IX.

Tyre almost antedates the flood; but Tyre is a mere parvenu, an afterthought, when you compare it with Damascus. For Damascus was old, the legend says, when all the world was young. It is the oldest city that still flourishes. Through its gates have marched Jeroboam and King David, Alexander and the Roman Pompey, Hûlagû and Timurlane. It has played many rôles. It has been the arsenal of Saladin, the papal city of the Moslem Caliphs, the booty of the Chosen People. Across it runs "The Street Called Straight," where Bedouins drive their bargains with the merchants.

Damascus is a place to crystallize impressions. It shows the price that Syria and Palestine have paid, for lying in the path of conquerors, the blend of laissez-faire and persistence that holds them back and keeps them going, the archaic code that still governs women, failure to grasp the magic opportunity of schools, pluck in the face of almost universal hardship, the debt both eastern and western civilization owe to one small stony hillside that produced three world religions. . . . From the hilltops that look upon Damascus, there is desert on all sides. It is a gray city, with countless minarets like pins stuck hit-or-miss in some gray cushion. Here and there a lean sliver of the desert thrusts itself into the city's flank. Each year it pushes farther. You think of other cities in this Arabian waste; of passions, dreams, and warlords, long since swallowed by the creeping sands.

CHARLES MERZ.

The Psychology of Delinquency

THERE is in the Dresden gallery a charming study of the repentant Magdalen. The warm afternoon light falls over a nude recumbent figure and illumines the pages of a wide-open book in which the lovely penitent is reading. It is Scripture of course; perhaps the author is St. Paul. In any case, she is completely absorbed in the contents of her volume for which she seems to consider the world well lost. The painting makes a unique impression and suggests dramatic contrasts: the lady has repented of her wickedness and is now engaged in brain-work; she has renounced the flesh and embraced the spirit; once she was bad but now she is good. It is the combination of a glamorous past with a studious present which has stimulated the painter's imagination and animated his brush. If he rather naïvely emphasizes the sensuous aspects of his subject, that is something which is inherent in his art as well as in his point of view.

This romantic halo was conferred by the same Christian era which devised also for her the most merciless and vindictive persecution. The hetaira was neither so idealized nor so degraded by the the public opinion of her age as was the Magdalen. The progress from Hellenic to Christian culture did not, as Elizabeth Cady Stanton and Ellen Key have often pointed out, improve the position of women so uniformly and so generously as is commonly supposed. The emerging of a prostitute class coincided with the development of an anomalous morality officially stamped as Christian. The revenge of the outcasts was of course not lacking. It consisted partly in the propagation of venereal disease which is widely recognized and duly feared. But this is not the whole Nemesis of the situation, as too many of our social hygienists seem inclined to think. Perhaps more serious still is the propagation of a dissociated state of mind which, through being universally accepted as normal and moral, has come to be regarded as the special mark of sanity.

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Thanks to the shock-absorbing qualities of the herd, it has been possible for respectable members of society to endure the most conflicting beliefs about sexual morality in general and the prostitute in particular. Maude Royden has remarked concerning the absolutely contradictory things the good woman is taught to believe about the prostitute, "Stated baldly, one would say that no one could believe all these things and not go mad." But since they are never stated baldly, "honourable women have been able to regard the prostitute as their one protection from outrage and spit upon her at the same time." The virtuous woman cannot accomplish the mental feat of heaping hatred and revenge upon a protector without damage to her own happiness. She will inevitably suffer from emotional inconveniences and a disturbed affective life. Her attitude toward the remote scape-goat will be reflected in the intimate history of her personality.

The consequences of the dissociated morality of men have been discussed by Grete Meissel-Hess, an early pioneer in the psychology of sex. There is a naïve idea that morality is the special interest of women and that it has never really gotten into the tissues of men. It remains a fact, however, that men invented celibacy and asceticism and that women only joined the movement after the men had put the idea into their heads. We owe to the masculine conscience our conflicting views of the prostitute which represent her as both a martyr and a demon, as necessary but criminal, as attractive yet repulsive, irresistible yet despicable. This war of attitudes is not really conducive to mental health. No wonder that hypocrisy flourished so plentifully under the Christian dispensation; a thorough hypocrite was merely a well-adjusted man. It was the one safe and sane way of reconciling these irreconcilables. Yet men have suffered serious mental damage from the abysmal cleft in their moral philosophy. Even with all the aid that herd hypocrisy can give, the nervous system of the modern male cannot tolerate the burden of conflict inherent in the existing code. For instance, he is constrained to view all women as generically good or bad and thus laboriously to adapt his instinctive life to a fictitious belief about humanity. His idea of women and his whole behavior toward the opposite sex are regulated by a gentle paranoia, which does not become acute because women have such a profound interest in acting as if the delusion were a fact.

This delusional morality blurs the edge of many earnest scientific efforts. Several years ago the German criminologists decided to divest the Magdalen of both halo and hatred and to analyze her in the spirit of uncompromising realism. The result was the extraordinary hypothesis of the born prostitute, die geborene Dirne, a notion which still finds currency among congenial minds in Europe and America. It establishes the prostitute as a type, set apart by nature. Persecution and pity are equally wide of the mark. She functions according to a perverted categorical imperative, for the born prostitute is fundamentally different from the born wife. She is nature's response to the needs which arise out of our defective marriage system. She comes, as boy babies are said to come in the wake of a war, almost providentially. Thus kindly nature condescends to patch up the deficiencies of our civilized institutions. No one has been able to isolate the type prostitute and vital statistics have never demonstrated the increase of boy babies after a war, but the two beliefs possess a stubborn vitality. They have a way of bobbing up from time to time with the air of scientific observations.

A faithful reflection of our dissociated moral standards is seen in the specialized delinquency of women. In any discussion of the delinquent girl, the sex offender always takes first place. It is true that girls fight and steal, but unfortunately they do not fight and steal enough to make very much impression on criminal statistics. However, as sexual offenders, they easily outrank the men. Those who have occasion to study Juvenile Court statistics soon remark the difference. In 1913, for instance, it appears that 135 girls were charged in the New York Juvenile Court with sexual offences as compared with 18 boys. The same disproportion holds among adult offenders. In a recently published study of 587 women delinquents in New York reformatories, considerably more than half of them were reported as committed for "offenses against chastity." A similar study made of 608 men admitted to Sing-Sing stated that rather less than one tenth of that number had been committed for sex crimes. This capricious incidence of sexual immorality gives stimulating food for thought. Good women who have rallied to the support of law and order are somewhat dashed to find that law and order for men mean one thing and for women quite another. A note of protest creeps into their attitude; the culprit tends to become the "so-called" delinquent girl in contrast to the geborene Dirne who once simplified the subject so beautifully. The more the "so-called" good woman learns from modern science about the actualities of human nature, the less bamboozled is she by the demon nature of the born delinquent.

It is true that many of the girls who reach the

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courts and reformatories are feeble-minded, or neurotic, or psychopathic; they are always poor and sometimes colored. These traits represent marked disadvantages which expose to exploitation according to the circumstances in which the sinner happens to be placed. She has not broken any law by being feeble-minded, or neurotic, or poor, or colored; society presumably does not condemn her for any of these peculiarities but for being immoral, which is, after all, incidental to her real problem. The conception of sin and punishment so pervades the whole subject that rarely do we find a genuinely scientific approach to its discussion.

At the recent annual conference of the American Sociological Society this was for once triumphantly achieved. A meeting to discuss the delinquent girl was conducted by five women who foregathered with manuscript cases filled with the results of experience and scientific training uncluttered by romantic or materialistic preconceptions. The papers had a technical character reflecting the professions which produced them, yet they all manifested a common drift toward the humane application of the technologies represented. Anglo-Saxon law and psychiatry were considered from the point of view of how they might be made to redeem an individual human life, and the value of that particular life was somehow indicated to be equivalent to the estimate placed upon it by the person who happened to be living it. The key-note of the meeting was expressed by the speaker who said, "The modern psychiatrist who has ceased to take refuge under the diagnosis must face the problem of bringing about radical changes in the behavior of a particular individual. . . . No mere label or diagnosis is of any avail as long as Mrs. Jones remains on her doorstep an unsolved problem."

There was a reassuring lack of moral indignation on the occasion. The temper of the papers may be indicated by a few significant sentences. "Delinquency is one of those blanket terms like insanity which has had reference more to the protective reaction of society toward it than to any specific content of its own. It is that which society is afraid of and punishes in a more or less instinctive way." A little later this speaker said, concluding the history of a delinquent case, "She had learned to meet life squarely and to pursue her own interests actively and persistently. . . . She put no blame on other people and used no evasive mechanisms." This is the process, we were given to understand, by which Mary had been made into a good girl. How unlike the picture is to all the penitent Magdalens and abused Gretchens who went before her down the flowery path! The speaker continued, "Instinctive protective reactions on the part of society, even the most enlightened mass treatment in institutions, will bring results only by accident. What we need is a treatment of behavior so scientific that results instead of being accidental will be subject to intention and prediction."

Other speakers referred especially to the sense of inferiority prevalent among delinquents. "Add to this, . . . the emotional instability which occurs at the adolescent period, aggravated by the new and startling physiological demands, is it not possible that the girl may be led to look upon sex as a means of putting herself across, for the very popularity and acclaim accorded her by her clientele may furnish her with a very real sense of achievement, never before felt by her." A similar thought was developed by the paper on illegitimacy. "Throughout the studies of the child welfare aspects of illegitimacy, we have come upon records indicating that psychological factors tending toward delinquency may be in many cases concomitants of illegitimate birth. The natural instinct of pride in family, however humble, the feeling of security and responsibility that comes from belonging in a definite group, in the case of children deprived of normal family relationship are likely to become perverted into mental conflict when the child learns or begins to speculate upon the circumstances of his birth and the character of his parents."

A judge from a Juvenile Court made this comment: "Just as it has been necessary to loose the public mind from the concept of devils as the cause of insanity or yellow fever, so in the field of human behavior is it necessary to banish the concept of morality and immorality from the study of juvenile delinquency. . . . If the modern young girl practices virtue, she may not believe in it. There are of course, neurological, physiological, and mental elements in the girl's departure from the social code, but an important thing to reckon with is that after she has violated the social code and has undergone a change in social status, involving inferiority and guilt, not visited, as far as her observation goes, upon others who have held like views and been guilty of similar violations, there is need for the most tactful social treatment and the most radical and sympathetic recognition of her needs."

It is noteworthy that most of the speakers, in one way or another, offered similar observations concerning the influence of inferiority feelings on anti-social conduct. They seemed to agree that

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such feelings are just as likely to be the cause as the effect of delinquent behavior. It is not always true that a girl has a sense of guilt because she has been bad; it is sometimes true that she becomes bad because she has had a sense of guilt. The conviction of sin and the sense of inferiority are closely related, and, contrary to Sandford and Merton ethics, they are not the only logical basis of moral conduct. The reeducation of delinquent girls hinges on far different feelings, such as the growth of self-confidence and the cure of pathological diffidence. It is less concerned with the conquest of impurity than with the overcoming of unwholesome mental attitudes. Even prostitution must be viewed primarily as a psychic dislocation rather than a physical Schweinerei before any intelligent comprehension of the prostitute's problem can be arrived at. In the mysterious elements of personality lies the chief source of sexual delinquency as well as all other forms of anti-social conduct. As these elements grow less mysterious through scientific understanding, there is a greater possibility of reeducation for the individual.

That the conflict arises between purely psychological factors and not between those mythical antagonists, the flesh and the spirit, is fundamental to an understanding of the situation. It should inject the new method and the more hopeful technique of mental hygiene into social hygiene. Its implications carry far and shed a ray of hope for the over-good girl as well as for the over-bad. We have unfortunately no statistics of the victims of the fallacy so eloquently set forth by Lecky, "The emphasis with which vice is stigmatized produces a corresponding admiration for the opposite virtue, and . . . a feeling of the most delicate and scrupulous honour is thus formed among the female population which not only preserves from gross sin, but also dignifies and ennobles the whole character."

Perhaps the first step away from this ridiculous view of virtue is taken when one perceives that sin even in its grossest form is still a psychic experience and that the most dignified and rarefied reaches of the personality depend for harmony and sanity upon the proper functioning of the so-called baser impulses. A later and a wiser society may go so far as to set up probation officers for the over-saintly as well as for the over-sinful. Certain it is that only those can aid the delinquent who understand that they are not fighting the world, the flesh, and the devil but dealing with the personal psychological problems of a complex human being.

KATHARINE ANTHONY.

The End of Andreyev

ANDREYEV the artist was a victim of the war. Barring his few contributions during the war to literature proper, which added nothing new to his reputation, his pen since August, 1914, and until his death, in September, 1919, was dedicated to propaganda. An avowed sceptic and pessimist, destroyer of accepted values and conventions, author of such anti-militarist, anti-social, misanthropic productions as Red Laugh, Tsar Hunger, Thus It Was, He Who Gets Slapped, Leonid Andreyev hysterically embraced the illusion of the last war being a rejuvenating and regenerating force. A symbolist, he regarded Germany as the epitome of evil and pettiness, and Russia's allies as the torch-bearers of beauty and justice. The war resurrected his faith in man, in man's faculty for heroic unselfishess, for Schopenhauer's heroischen Lebenslauf. Hence he hurled "Traitor" at the Russian soldier whom Kerensky's eloquence could not urge to fight "voluntarily" for democracy, self-determination, and similar archaeology. Hence he abhorred the Bolsheviki who were forced to sign the Brest-Litovsk treaty, and thus bring an end to the rejuvenating and regenerating war. A symbolist, Andreyev saw in the Bolsheviki the incarnation of brutality, vulgarity, and mercenariness. Hence he sent his "S. O. S." to humanity, a powerful appeal to the civilized nations that they come and save Russia from the "blood bespattered jester, Trotsky." Hence his eagerness to champion any interventionist campaign. He rejoiced at hearing that his brother had joined the ranks of Kolchak, and he offered his services as head of a propaganda bureau to the North-Western government, that British whim carried out by General March, though ostensibly by General Youdenich. Alas, Andreyev was to learn that common enmity for the Bolsheviki was not sufficient for uniting all their opponents. His offer was rejected by the Whites, for the reason that they had a "regular chinovnik" performing the propaganda activity.

The last two years of his life Andreyev suffered misery, starvation, physical and mental illness. The Whites did not come to his help, even by cooperating in the publication of his works (this I have on the authority of his fellow-exile, Nicolas Roerich). Andreyev made arrangements for a lecture tour in the United States, but his shattered nerves, ailing body, and wounded spirit, embarked him on a different journey. In a letter written to the painter, Roerich, shortly before his death, Andreyev bitterly called himself a threefold exile: from his home, from Russia, and from his art.

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The last hardship oppressed him most: he admitted that he had lost all creative power. From the last pages of his diary, lent by his widow to the Russian art-magazine, Zhar-Ptitsa (Fire-bird) and reproduced below, one may catch a glimse of his state of mind during the troublesome days and nights of his life in Finland, in the zone of war between the Reds and Whites.

September 8, evening.
Mustamyaki.

Driven out from Tursevo by aeroplanes and bombs. A raid took place at Tursevo on the eve of our arrival there, so we decided right then to move to Mustamyaki, it being the nearest place and requiring the least trouble to get to. We intended to leave the very next day, but during the night I changed my mind, and sent on only a part of the family: I felt a desire to test my fate. Then, too, I fell sick at once. It was yesterday, at half past three in the morning, that the last raid occurred. I shan't describe it: so repulsive is everything in the world, so unbearably tedious to live, to talk, to write, that I lack the strength and the desire to scribble down even a few lines. For whom? For what purpose?

September 9, morning.

What one might call a genuine disgust with life. Everything containing the slightest suggestion of folly or ugliness, provokes in me a revulsion, at times a feeling of physical nausea.

But the place is beautiful. We are high on the hill, surrounded by a sea of woods, over whose green smoothness, as though across a real sea, are flitting at this moment shadows of clouds. Below lies the lake, and in the distance can be seen N. Kirka, Rayvola. An almost mountainous freshness in the air; . . . if only my mind permit me, I may work and prepare for America.

To his very end Andreyev experienced the bracing effect of contemplating nature. "Balancing myself on the tightly stretched rope, which is my life and literature," he wrote to a friend in 1908, "I should have broken my neck a score of times, were it not for nature. Nature and nature alone brings me back to the lost equilibrium." So now, three days before his death, broken in body and spirit, loathing life and man, Andreyev, at the touch of nature, regained for a moment his "equilibrium," and even resumed planning his trip to America. That he still retained his descriptive power is evident from the last entry of his diary, in which he tells of the raid mentioned in the first fragment.

September 10, daytime.

It took place during the night of the 6/7.

I woke up, as usual, at sunrise. A faint, gray light came in through the window curtain which was not tightly drawn. After the first moments of unconsciousness, when I sensed only the bed, my recent sleep, and the dim light, I became aware of the fact that it was sunrise, the precise hour of the aerial raids, that I was awake, that perfect stillness reigned in the house and outdoors, and that apparently again today there would be no raid. I began to listen: still, not even the tide could be heard, it must be a fine, calm morning as it has been constantly of late. Were it not for my cold, I should have stepped out on the balcony, opened the window, and gazed at the sea. But now I just lit a cigarette and remained in bed, still thinking in the same vein—that the aeroplanes would not appear, and that we were passing the last night here, for the last time expecting and fearing a raid. Suddenly a light buzzing became audible—I quickly raised my head from the pillow; no, it was quiet, probably the usual noise in my ears, caused by quinine. I lay down again—and again quickly raised my head; the buzzing was quite distinct.

Is it possible?

I passed from my bedroom to the study, from there out on the balcony. Everything was enveloped in gray light, and now one could hear with indubitable distinctness the buzzing of a propeller, perhaps of more than one, quite close-by. In the house everything was still, early dawn, and the rooms in the light of dawn—as usual. Choking from excitement (such is my heart of late, I came up on tiptoes to Anna [Mrs. Andreyev.—K.] touched her, and whispered:

"Get up."

"What is the matter?"

"The aeroplanes."

She jumped out into the study, while I began to dress hastily, having difficulties in finding my sleeves. When I came out to her, she stood there, quaint and frightened, clad only in her shirt, looking upward, where above the ceiling and the roof, somewhere quite near, the propellers worked resolutely, freely, and noisily. Anna whispered:

"What does it mean? Is it possible?"

"I don't know. Listen."

They buzzed. Everything was normal at yet, there still remained that border-line which separates the simple, common, customary, from a certain something that is *different* and unknown to us. Suddenly, on the right—a tremendous, dull and short blow: an explosion. In half a minute—another, as tremendous, dull, and short.

Is this, then, *it*? Anna was fussing about the room, whispering: "My God, my God, what does it mean, what can we do?"

Now it was this transition from the sphere of the usual to that of the *different,* that came to me as the most striking sensation. A similar sensation I experienced when Germany declared war against Russia, and another time, when on March the 11th [1917.—K.] I heard, for the first time in my life, the machine-guns firing at the crowds.

A third explosion, seemingly louder and nearer than the previous two. I tried to calm Anna.

"Don't be afraid. It's on the hill."

I went to my bedroom for a cigarette, lit one, and on returning came upon Vadim [his eldest son, K.], half dressed, followed by my mother. The buzzing continued, as well as the explosions, now nearer, now farther away. Precisely this seemed most important—that we were listening to the buzzing, at it came closer, and then we would stop breathing . . . and then as it moved away, and again came nearer. I sent Anna to wake up Savvka (the rest of the children were already in Mustamyaki). He appeared in his little shirt, quite frightened. The

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whole house had already awakened. Somewhere in the vicinity soldiers' rifles cracked pitiably and brokenly.

But we grew calm, the *unusual* had ended, and now there remained only expectation, calculations, chance. The explosions sounded ever more distant. My mother held herself with amazing, even somewhat comical, calm. She kept on reassuring Anna and Savvka. For a long time we continued to listen to the buzzing and we calculated, expected the return of the machines. Finally it became evident that they had flown back across the border. All was still. Outside I did not venture even once, painstakingly and obstinately guarding myself from a worse cold.

Following excited conversations about what we had passed through, I ordered some tea heated, and drank it greedily. Everybody went to bed; Anna, too, fell asleep. Over the sea appeared rosy cloudlets, it grew light, broad, expansive. I could not sleep till late in the the morning. I kept on thinking, reliving, revisualizing the *unusual*—how I awoke, how the airplanes buzzed, how the first explosion burst, and how that which had been expected came to be realized.

L. Andreyev died on September 12, 1919, from a hemorrhage of the brain.

ALEXANDER KAUN.

CORRESPONDENCE

In Defence of Mr. Hoover

SIR: Your issue of May 31st takes a single quotation from Mr. Hoover's recent address on Russia and builds up an argument to show that he is supporting the "reactionary policy" as against the "common sense policy." Your argument is: First, that there is sufficient recognition of property rights in Russia to enable *trade* to be carried on, and second that uncertainty of the permanence of the present government is what chiefly deters Russians and foreigners alike from taking advantage of rights already granted, and that to grant more rights would endanger that permanence.

You overlook two fundamental facts: First, that even if rights of property were sufficient to permit foreign trade, the right to conduct such trade at all has not until very recently been granted to private individuals or organizations and is now granted only in an extremely limited degree, and second, that what Russia chiefly needs is not trade, but investment of foreign capital, and that property rights sufficient to permit trade may be utterly inadequate to induce the foreigner to make long-term investments.

What have the property rights of the peasant to do with foreign trade, when he cannot sell his products for export? No foreign merchant can buy, for export, from any private individual goods he may possess under Soviet law. Still less can the merchant sell his goods to private individuals. The monopoly of foreign trade which the Soviet government has maintained has discouraged not only trade but also production, which is far more important. The powers for foreign trade just recently conferred on cooperative organizations, and still more recently—for a single class of goods—on private individuals, are far too limited to change this situation materially.

In any case, foreign trade cannot long exist without the production of goods for export. The purchases of the Soviet government abroad have heretofore been paid for almost exclusively from the old gold reserve. In view of the overwhelming difficulties which the precipitous depreciation of the Russian paper money—prices in such money doubling every month—is causing in the economic life of the country, any measures which would facilitate the more rapid exchange of goods for gold can hardly be called a blessing to Russia. Mr. Hoover made it very plain in his address that the restoration of Russia is fundamentally dependent on increase of production and that that in turn is fundamentally dependent upon investment of foreign capital.

Nothing in your article points to such a restoration of property rights thus far as can furnish necessary inducement to the foreign investor. Security will be felt only when the Soviet government has either restored to former foreign owners their property, or compensated them for it, or given adequate guarantees that this will be done. I know of no instance of any importance in which that government has yet done any of these things, and its Genoa declarations were not such as to create confidence. All large-scale enterprise still remains nationalized, and the most recent Soviet utterances insist on that policy. Former owners have been slow to take back the inferior plants offered them on a lease basis. Moreover, foreign capitalists naturally hesitate to accept concessions of property formerly belonging to other persons who have not been compensated. Apart from any sense of injustice, they feel that the security of their own rights would thereby be imperilled. The investment needed in Russia at present is not for developing virgin resources but precisely for rehabilitating old enterprises, and the attitude of the Soviet government regarding the former owners of these is the all-important obstacle to such investment. Moreover, the Soviet leaders have repeatedly assured their followers that the retreat toward capitalism was only temporary and strategic, a declaration hardly conducive to attracting foreign capital. Most of the rights to which your article alludes have been proclaimed for a year or more and yet no single investment of any magnitude has been made in Russia by citizens of any country, however "common-sense" its policy.

As regards the effect of restoration of property rights upon the stability of the government, Mr. Hoover has never made any statement as to just how complete and untrammeled he thinks property rights must be made. He has said nothing to justify the suggestion that he would have "peasants expropriated from holdings carved out of alien-owned estates."

Every well wisher of the Russian people is concerned to see the peasants secured in their revolution-acquired rights. To insist that former owners, especially foreign owners, of individual property, must be given more rights than the Soviet authorities have yet given or promised, is not to insist on unmitigated capitalism. If, as you urge, any greater recognition of property rights would entail such opposition from the Communist party as to threaten the existence of the Soviet government, Russia can only wait and suffer until the Communist party has been sufficiently educated, for otherwise no capital will ever flow to Russia.

It must be obvious to every thinker with any knowledge of the processes of industry that if the Soviet government were recognized by every state tomorrow, there would be no movement of capital towards Russia unless that government radically changed its policy. *The continued ignoring of the primary condition on which business men the world over will invest their capital and carry on enterprise is doing Russia infinite harm today.* Those in this country who encourage Soviet officials in their illusions on this subject are not helping Russia. If American friends of the Russian people would use their influence to persuade the high Russian officials to recognize these primary economic and psychological facts instead of berating men who set them forth, they would indeed be working in the service of Russia. Nine out of ten persons in Russia itself will tell you that Mr. Hoover is the truest friend their country ever had, yet well-meaning Americans are bolstering up the small minority who would attribute his sane advice to prejudice and reaction.

Mere recognition of Russia would not carry a single honest dollar into Russia. It might mean opening Russia for exploitation by concessionaires in a fashion that should make every decent American blush. Indeed, one of the strongest pressures for recognition is from this very class of would-be exploiters. Mr. Hoover, in declaring that "an appeal to us based upon the greed of the American concessionaire will not carry far either, because our people cannot approve anybody, American or otherwise, exploiting the Russian people—," is raising a protest in the interest of the Russian people themselves.

E. DANA DURAND,
Chief Eastern European Division.

Washington.

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The Crow's Nest

HISTORY has been dead a long time, and yet now it has become popular. Van Loon and Wells have persuaded us, the human race, to turn our attention to books describing the history of this planet we have conquered and the mess we have made of it. Most of us still prefer to read romances—stories of things that don't happen—but some of us take a little history of things that do happen, too, in between.

We have also learned to absorb more geography, in the last twenty years. The National Geographic Magazine, and Asia, have persuaded us there.

The question arises, what next? Many of the writers and publishers who have been left out of the movement, so far, but who would like to be of service to the world, especially if it would be good business, are hunting around everywhere for some similar field that shows any promise.

As one of these writers myself, I have been looking into archaeology lately. It seems to have possibilities. There ought to be money in archaeology.

It is regarded as a worthy kind of subject for a person to study, and yet it can be presented in a way that requires no mental effort. The human mind is flighty and scatter-brained—prolonged attention comes hard to it: archaeology seems to be the very thing for that type of mind.

Another thing in its favor is that although our own belongings soon bore us, anything and everything is fascinating that belongs to past ages. The men of the future, for instance, will turn from their great flying islands, to visit museums and stare at our ferry-boats and quaint old income tax blanks.

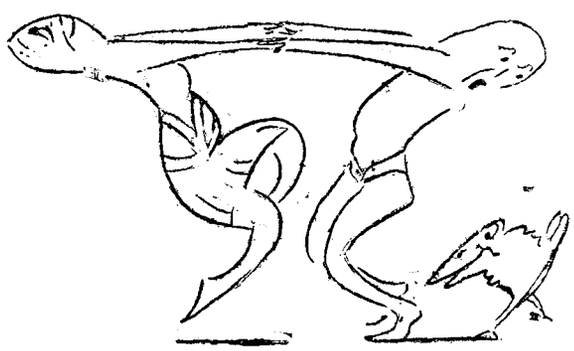
A nourishing sample package of archaeology is presented herewith, consisting of ten educative glimpses of life in the past.

CLARENCE DAY, JR.

PATHETIC FRAGMENT OF BRICK

This fragment of an old brick from a now ruined palace in Torta is said to be part of the history of a once noble family. The meaning of the dramatic scene pictured on it is not hard to decipher. It shows that love stories like Romeo and Juliet's have been lived in all countries, and that no one land has a monopoly of the aches of the heart.

It should be understood, in studying this or other archaeological remains, that the artists of those days were very much like the artists of these, in that they each followed some current fashion in depicting their sitters. Consequently we cannot tell what this far-away Juliet was like, in the flesh, merely from examining the portrait of her we find on this brick. But we may certainly assume that she had a sweet oval beauty, and that her lover's bearing was noble.

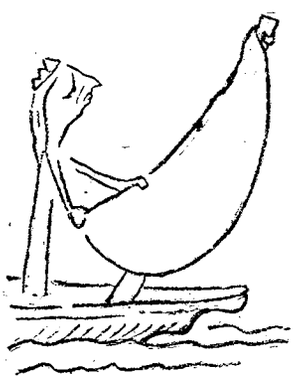


DANCE OF THE POETS

It is not only the authors' leagues of our own day that give fêtes and balls. The poets and writers of Nudios in Asia Minor were also fond of their dances. These were much interrupted however by an Asian Minoran bird called the Sensor, which followed around after authors everywhere, and pecked at their legs.

FLEMISH DISCIPLINE

Tapestry of old Flemish days, representing a Queen of those times, voyaging across the local oceans in search of her King. Many of the Kings of that period absented themselves far too long in their wars, showing little regard for the duties of a husband and little respect for their home.

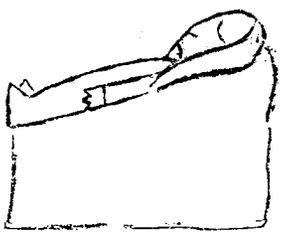


MARBLE OF GOGGOS

Noble statue of athlete by Goggos, one of the later Greek sculptors, who it is now realized knew far more of art than those other and older men whom we have hitherto called the classics. This outspoken conception contrasts with the wooden work of Praxiteles, and shows the great and continuous need of all art to break with the past.

BEAUTIFUL HELEN

Solemn thoughts arise in the mind of the reflective explorer when he views the tomb, recently unearthed, of Helen of Troy. It shows the fair beauty in her old age, sleeping a long busy sleep, thinking of who knows what nights, with what heroes, etc., in various lands.



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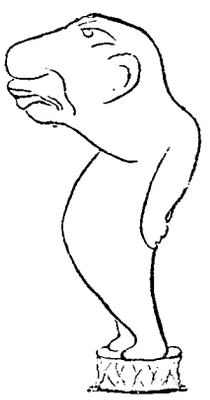
JOSEPH AND PHARAOH

Diggers in Western Philistia have found many carvings of Biblical scenes, carved by Philistine artists, who it seems used to record any current events that they heard of. This vivid work represents Joseph beginning to psycho-analyse Pharaoh.

MARRIAGE VASE CARVING

Bas-relief from an antique marriage vase, showing two graceful figures, engaged in an antique domestic conference of some intimate nature.

A GOD WITH MISGIVINGS



None of the idols in Mezca had that threatening aspect which most of the old tribal deities in other lands seem to show. The Mezcan conception of the creator was more touching, and less cocksure and arrogant. Their idea was that he was as much troubled and puzzled about things as anyone.

THE SOUND OF THE SEA

Carving from a second century picnic vessel, found in East Epydermea. The roundish object in the center is a clam-shell. It was a custom of the Epydermeans to listen to such shells for their music, in the hope of some day hearing in this way the sound of the sea.

That longish object they are stretching out of shape over their heads is the clam.

SPIRIT OF CRUELTY

Granite Gargoyle, from the mediaeval cathedral at Hiems. Representing the Spirit of Cruelty who is supposed to brood over the earth, snatching our comrades away from us and twisting our lives.

VERSE

Heroics

Though here and there a man is left
Whose iron thread eludes the shears,
The martyr with his bosom cleft
Is dead these seven heavy years.

Does he survive whose tongue was slit,
To slake some envy of a king's?
Sportive silver cried from it
Before the savage cut the strings.

The rack has crumpled up the limb
Stretched immediate to fly;
Never ask the end of him
Stubborn to outstare the sky.

Assuming an heroic mask,
He stands a tall derisive tree,
While servile to the speckled task
We move devoted hand and knee.

It is no virtue, but a fault
Thus to breathe ignoble air,
Suffering unclean assault
And insult dubious to bear.

ELINOR WYLIE.

Full Moon

My bands of silk and miniver
Momently grew heavier;
The black gauze was beggerly thin;
The ermine muffled mouth and chin;
I could not suck the moonlight in.

Harlequin in lozenges
Of love and hate, I walked in these
Striped and ragged rigmaroles;
Along the pavement my footsoles
Trod warily on living coals.

Shouldering the thoughts I loathed,
In their corrupt disguises clothed,
Mortality I could not tear
From my ribs, to leave them bare
Ivory in silver air.

There I walked, and there I raged;
The spiritual savage caged
Within my skeleton, raged afresh
To feel, behind a carnal mesh,
The clean bones crying in the flesh.

ELINOR WYLIE.

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Books and Things

HOW many other supercilious Americans were as disappointed as I was, last week or the week before, by President Harding's Star Spangled Banner speech? Several hundred thousand, no doubt. In the campaign of 1920 Mr. Harding unveiled himself as the writer and speaker of a queer kind of English. In that original style of his he would turn off sentence after sentence which could be divided into (a) sentences in which the author was trying, not very successfully, to hide the fact that he had nothing to say; and (b) sentences in which he was trying, more successfully, to hide the fact that he had something to say. We who made this classification didn't need to be in the least sophisticated. All we needed was to have read a little real prose, new or old, and to have half an eye open to comic phenomena.

Inevitably, therefore, did we lick our supercilious chops, inevitably did we smack our condescending lips, when the headlines told us that the Fates had imposed upon President Harding such a subject as Francis Scott Key! "Here's richness," those of us exclaimed who knew no better than to say such a thing. "Would that such pearls might be cast before us once a month! Would that Mr. Henry Ford might eulogize, publicly, the genius of Joseph Rodman Drake! Would that Mayor Hylan might quote, with a warmth of praise seldom directed away from his own doings, William Wetmore Story's immortal lines:

> All is gone—how utterly—
> From its stem the flower has dropped.
> Ah! how ugly life can be
> After love from it is lopped!

President Harding on the Star Spangled Banner! It is too good to be true! Lead us to it."

Well, the truth must be faced. President Harding has balked our malice. His style is simpler and more intelligible in 1922 than it was in 1920. His Star Spangled Banner speech is hardly absurd at all. Twice have I read with an evil eye President Harding's eulogy, and I find few specimens of his earlier manner. Once, when he is speaking of the songs written and sung while the World War was fighting, his figurative language does make, if you insist a little, an odd picture: "There were many and they served well, but none has ever for a moment threatened the throne which 'The Star Spangled Banner' occupies as the royal anthem of American patriotism." And once, after saying that we Americans "share the difficult problems of a world in the turmoil of a new time," he does go back to his 1920 style: "Solution is the fit price we pay for our great inheritance of liberty and opportunity."

In calling the President's speech hardly at all absurd I don't mean, of course, that he spoke always, or even often, the language of truth and nature. The place was Fort McHenry, the occasion was the unveiling of a monument to Key, part of the monument was "a bronze nude figure of Orpheus . . . over twenty feet high . . . said to be the largest bronze ever cast." Would the hearers have been satisfied if they had heard nothing but exact justice? Not unless a master of speech was doing the speaking. President Harding, for whom mastery of language is as difficult as mastery of Congress, would have acted rashly if he had tried his hand at measure and restraint. By how much that bronze figure is taller than Orpheus, by so much did the President's talk almost have to be taller than the truth about Francis Scott Key. He could hardly have spoken in the late Professor Lounsbury's unraised voice: "The best of our own national hymns—in fact, the only one worth mentioning for its verse—is The Star Spangled Banner. This need not fear comparison on its literary merits with other productions of this class; but it is hopelessly handicapped by being set to a tune, in part of which no respect is paid to the capabilities of the ordinary human voice." President Harding went as far as you could expect him to go toward drabness and sobriety of statement when he spoke of "forgetting the music," when he said that Key "was not a great poet." And there was tact in his reminder that The Star Spangled Banner was an "occasional poem," that Key conceived and partly wrote it on a night when there was good reason to fear the flag would not be flying at daybreak.

Almost all of us are sinners, willing or unwilling, conscious or unconscious, when we have to talk, on a ceremonial occasion, about one of our dead who doesn't happen to be one of the mighty. Our efforts in the obituary and commemorative vein are drawn so much larger than life that they have often the effect of caricatures. We Americans have not learned the art of a praise that can be faint without damning. Lucky, passable, not half bad, worthy, commendable—to translate these adjectives into sentences that do not sound ungracious or grudging, that do not make your audience think you disrespectful of them and of your subject—this is a secret known to few of us. Some of the few who might learn it are prevented by the vanity so natural, perhaps so necessary, in a public speaker who wishes to please. "With whomsoever he was, or was likely to be connected, his own consequence always required that theirs should be great." Change what has to be changed in that celebrated sentence, and you have another explanation of the average necrologist's malady.

Have you by chance ever heard it said that criticism should be cón-structive and not merely dé-structive? No? Then let me say so, now, and proceed to act on the precept. If I sincerely and communally wish that unveilings and centenaries were easier to bear, I might as well throw out a suggestion or two of expedients by which we may better them. Do I recommend to our public speakers a study of the Greek Anthology, in Mr. Mackail's beautiful translation? Obviously not. Many of the epitaphs in his selection are upon persons either great or not known by name, and our problem is how to speak naturally of persons neither unknown nor great. Besides, these anthologists had a Greek gift which died with them. And they are short, too short to satisfy an audience which has come to stay through a man-size speech. This disadvantage of shortness is the only quality which Greek anthologists and American advertisers have in common. If our advertisers were longer-winded I should suggest them as models to our eulogists, for our advertisers possess the secret of getting all worked up, and of working us up, while telling no more than the truth. To make something ordinary sound remarkable, and to do this without telling lies—what higher aim can one propose to the oral or writing obituarist?

To return to President Harding, not because the structure of this article demands it, but as a mark of respect to the President of the United States. I have still to quote, and to close by quoting, the best sentence, or half-sentence, in his Fort McHenry speech: "To one who has a bent for such oddities, there will be. . . ." There, if I am not mistaken, is proof that President Harding can write English, when he chooses, just as well other people. P. L.

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The Ex-Kaiser's Apology

Comparative Tables of Historical Events from 1878 to the Outbreak of the War in 1914, by Emperor William II. Leipzig: K. F. Koehler.

TOWARDS the end of 1921, there appeared in Germany a small book entitled Vergleichende Geschichtstabellen von 1878 bis zum Kriegsausbruch 1914, von Kaiser Wilhelm II. Written at Amerongen, and printed originally for private circulation, it was published to the world on the recommendation of Hindenburg. In it the ex-Kaiser presents his apologia for his international policy—an outline, as it were, of the defence which he would have put forward, had he been brought to trial by the Allies.

The ex-Kaiser's method of presenting his case is, undeniably, ingenious. To plead, to explain, to argue in his own person would have been undignified. But to marshal political events, year by year, in parallel columns under the headings of the chief nations concerned, looks like letting the facts speak for themselves. In the order and sequence of the facts the intelligent reader is expected to discern the sinister pattern of a gradually growing conspiracy of Russia, France and England against a prosperous, unprovocative Germany and its peace-loving Emperor. However, lest the reader miss the moral, he is assisted by excerpts from diplomatic papers which are interspersed among the facts and which provide, like a Greek chorus, a running commentary on the drift and meaning of the events recorded. Very cleverly, these excerpts are selected mainly from Belgian sources, and are all carefully chosen to insinuate the conclusion which the ex-Kaiser wishes the reader to draw. This conclusion is, thus, made to appear to the reader, not as a German plea, but as the verdict of well-informed and impartial onlookers. It is intended to strike him as the verdict of history itself.

Where opportunity offers, the ex-Kaiser does not disdain to score a debating-point. Thus he quotes de Brocqueville, then Belgian Prime Minister and Minister for War, as having said in May, 1914, that neither the French nor the German armies ought to hesitate to cross neutral territory by force, if the safety of their countries demanded it. He notes declarations of successive British statesmen on the treatment of food as contraband which are certainly inconsistent with England's blockade policy during the war. He makes play with some of Lord Fisher's lurid proposals for "Kopenhagening" the German fleet by a surprise assault in time of peace. But, for his main score, he relies on a long series of Belgian despatches which begin in 1882 with a warning about the anti-German policy of the Panslavist party in Russia, and which go on steadily through the years up to 1913, now dwelling on the purely defensive character of the Triple Alliance, now praising Germany as the main guarantor of European peace and the Kaiser's character as deeply religious and peace-loving, now voicing misgivings at the policy of Edward VII. Thus, in 1906, and again in 1907, the Belgian Ministers in London, Paris and Petersburg report concurrently preparations of the Triple Entente for war against Germany, and in 1909 the Belgian Minister in Berlin writes caustically the peace of the world has never been more in danger than since Edward VII set out to preserve it by his policy of isolating Germany.

But the ex-Kaiser's three trump cards are drawn from the confidential utterances of three leading Entente statesmen. First, in 1913, Sazonov is reported to have said, "The Emperor's love of peace is our guarantee that we shall be able to choose the moment of war to suit ourselves." Next we have, from a Russian newspaper, an alleged remark of Sir Edward Grey's, in March, 1914, to the Panslavist leader, Brantschaminow, to the effect that a great war would shortly break out and that England would take part in it in order to escape from her internal difficulties. Lastly, we have, in April, 1914, Clemenceau's question to an Italian attaché: "In three months we shall have war. Will Italy be on our side?"

Thus, the ex-Kaiser's defence is the familiar one of an indictment of the Entente. Russia's panslavist policy of conquest, France's desire for revenge, England's envy of a competitor wove the fateful net in which the peaceful German people was enmeshed. The annexation of Alsace-Lorraine in 1871, the checking of Russia's march to Constantinople at the Congress of Berlin in 1877, the growth of German commerce, of the German fleet, of the German colonies—these things united Germany's enemies against her. Skillfully her enemies manoeuvred her into a situation where, in sheer self-defence, she had to declare war, and yet was condemned, by declaring war first and invading Belgium, to appear as the aggressor and to put herself in the wrong in the eyes of the world.

But what is the evidence for the peaceful character of German policy? On this head, the best facts adduced by the ex-Kaiser belong to the years 1898-1901. In April, 1898, and again in March, 1901, he declined English offers of an alliance, lest Germany should be drawn into an anti-Russian policy "and the peace of the world be endangered." In February, 1900, and again in October, 1901, he similarly declined Franco-Russian proposals for joint action against England, then embarrassed by the Boer war, and earned the thanks of Queen Victoria. In 1912, Poincaré, writing to the French ambassador in Berlin, refers to "the untiring persistence with which Germany seeks an understanding with France," but adds that such an understanding would be possible only on condition of the return of Alsace-Lorraine, and that France is too deeply committed to Russia and England to reverse her policy.

For these things, so far as they go, the ex-Kaiser is entitled to credit. But is there not another side to the picture? He does, indeed, chronicle the Kruger-telegram, the spectacular visits to Palestine and Tangier, the Agadir episode and other demonstrations with which periodically he startled the world. But he sets them down without any comment, without any sign that he appreciates the threatening character which they seemed to bear to other nations. Even defeat and exile have not opened his eyes to his own mistakes. Otherwise he could not have passed by all his flamboyant and bellicose speeches. He does not remind us how often he flourished the mailed fist. He chronicles, in 1898, Russia's invitation to the First Peace Conference at the Hague, but does not add that he at once made a speech discrediting the whole idea, or that Germany at all Hague Conferences was the chief obstacle, not only to a reduction of armaments, but even to a holiday in the competitive increase of armaments. He does not quote Gothein's comment, that all participants in the Hague Conference carried away the definite impression that Germany refused to bind herself by international agreements, in order to be free for war when the moment should seem opportune. In fact, the most serious omissions in the ex-Kaiser's chronicle concern the German army and navy. Only twice does he give statistics, once in 1905 and, again, in 1914, and then merely to show that France kept a larger army than Germany and that England spent more on her fleet; also that the enemy

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forces in peace-time considerably outnumbered the armies of Germany and Austria. But how German army-increases were related to German policy and to the international situation, he does not show. He forgets to mention how often the blunders of his "Gefühlspolitik," as Bismarck bitterly called it, had to be made good by the creation of additional army-corps. He has not a single word on the big capital-levy of 1913 for army-purposes, which threw such an ominous shadow on the celebrations of the 25th anniversary of his accession to the throne. Nor would anyone discover from his pages how it was the building of the German fleet which, more than anything else, drove England into the ranks of Germany's enemies and lent color to the view that Germany aimed at world-dominion. Yet even from the facts which the ex-Kaiser himself supplies—and he by no means gives them all—it is clear that from 1895 to 1912 England, anxious to escape from her "splendid isolation," made repeated attempts to effect an understanding with Germany but was invariably rebuffed. It is especially worth noting that England renewed these efforts, as Lord Haldane has shown in his book, Before the War, even after she had entered into the Entente with France and Russia, precisely because she realized the danger of being drawn into a war against Germany. How far that evil genius of the German Foreign Office, Holstein, is responsible for the missing of these opportunities, how far Tirpitz's naval policy, how far the ex-Kaiser's personal antipathy for Edward VII, or even deep-laid complexes in his character traceable to his unhappy relations, as a child, to his English mother—who can tell? The fact remains that German foreign policy was stupid, and not even the war has taught the ex-Kaiser to appreciate how stupid it was.

Thus, the apparent objectivity of the ex-Kaiser's method of defence is wholly delusive. There is much special pleading behind an elaborate show of not pleading at all. Much the same facts, dressed up in different comments, could be fitted into a pattern pointing to the opposite conclusion. For, in international politics, every "fact" bears many, and often contradictory, valuations. In the prevailing atmosphere of suspicion, hostility and fear, what to one nation is merely a legitimate measure of defence may be to its neighbor a threatening measure of aggression. The mere fact that a people is numerous, well-organized, intelligent may make it a potential danger to others. Let it be armed as well, and it is an enemy at once. It is mere one-sided blindness, in such conditions, to protest one's own love of peace whilst seeing in others nothing but their will to war.

There is, perhaps, no task in the whole range of diplomacy which requires greater wisdom and shrewdness, more coolness and tact, than the task of guiding, in a crowded, competitive, jealous, fear-ridden world, the destinies of a nation which is rapidly expanding in population, in industry, in commerce, and in learning, and which is ambitious to see its flag upon the Seven Seas and to play its part in colonization and international finance. Such a task fell to the ex-Kaiser. It was Germany's misfortune that he was both too romantic and too confident of Germany's strength and superiority to all-comers, to see the facts in their true proportions. He was a poor judge of his own utterances and actions. He was a poor judge, too, in the choice of his advisers, military and political. Before his own conscience he may stand guiltless. But the innocence of good intentions is no excuse at the bar of History for disastrous blundering. Granted that he and his advisers sought nothing but Germany's rightful place in the sun, yet they sought it in a way which could not but turn old friends into new enemies, without making out of old enemies new friends. Their fatal mistake was to think that, because they had inherited an empire born of war, war and the threat of war must be permanent instruments of its policy. To this mistake the ex-Kaiser lent himself, because, though he may have loved peace most, he loved also, and loved too well, strutting upon the world's stage as the glittering lord of war. Like a child, he was burnt by the fire with which he played. Like a child, he now cries out that he intended no harm.

R. F. Alfred Hoernle.

The Larger Socialism

The Larger Socialism, by Bertram Benedict. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

THIS book is the friendly, intelligent attempt of a liberal Socialist to bridge the gulf between the world of 1914 and the post-war world. The theme is that revisionist Socialism is predominant over Marxism in Anglo-Saxon lands; that Socialism must become a broader and a deeper theory and political movement than at present; that the true Socialism is more of an extension than an innovation. The author urges that the American appeal should be to social class grouping rather than solely to economic class grouping. He wishes to see the movement free itself from the Marxian cast of thought, and devote more discussion to the comparative efficiency in wealth production of the present system and of Socialism. Mr. Benedict would emphasize the ethical and cultural appeal. These various enrichments he terms the "larger Socialism."

No one is any longer sure of a large-scale plan of redemption, with the exception of the Marxists and some militant employers. On a falling market, the British miners took their first decisive defeat in a generation. The long bold thrust of the producers' philosophy—variously expressed in syndicalism, guild socialism, and a fighting trades unionism—is slowing down from its impact with immovable matter. Economic forces are mightier than the "Guildsman." The consumer, the buyer, the citizen, (in short, the public), has gained a self-consciousness, a consciousness of his power. He has begun to organize. The theory of the strike has been that it caused enough annoyance to force public intervention, and that this public intervention resulted in a compromise between the claims of capital and labor which was a gain for labor. Recently in the great services and industries, like transportation and mining, the American, French and British experience has shown that the annoyance is too sharp for a genial solution, and that the public is willing to accept heavy punishment for the first few rounds in order to give a knock-out in the final rounds. This knock-out has been dealt to labor, as often as to capital.

What shall be the substitute for the strike? Political labor, perhaps. But all attempts at a wage-earning party, the voting solidarity of those who work with their hands, have broken down.

On the consumers' side, the very success of the cooperative movement has revealed its limitations. It will not bring a new social order in this generation nor the next. Meanwhile what outlet is there for ardent spirits who are impatient of the secular process? Probably, the trinity of workers' education, labor press, and labor research offer the best symbol for the disillusioned to rally round.

Arthur Gleason.

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A Page of Fiction

Prisoners of Hartling, by J. D. Beresford. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.75.

THE story of knights and ladies held in thrall amid pleasures which become the pains of satiety, is as old as Cinderella or the Sleeping Beauty. Circe, Comus, Armida, Sacripant and La Belle Dame Sans Merci all knew the spell. Mr. Beresford has merely transposed the legend into modern terms. The instinct for power over the lives of others, the lure of ease and luxury, the degradation of character, the force of true love by which the enchantment is broken and the wizard exorcized, these old motives are all at work in The Prisoners of Hartling; and with the inevitable logic of fiction lead to the predestined conclusion.

The Veneerings, by Sir Harry Johnston. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.00.

A FIELD of sugar cane after cutting will put forth a second growth of ratoons. If the soil is good and the cane hardy the second harvest may be bountiful. So it was with Sir Harry Johnston's first novel The Gay-Dombeys, the ratoons from Dickens' thickly sown field of Dombey & Son. The Veneerings is a second cutting of Our Mutual Friend. The result is disappointing. The original Veneerings, Lammles and Podsnaps were a weaker variety of cane than the Dombeys and their circle, and in their second growth they are but thin, sapless stalks, and roots out of dry ground. Gradually their personalities dwindle and fade, until at last all that Sir Harry Johnston can tell us about them is their financial status. Of the size of John Harmon's fortune, the dubious prosperity of the Lammles, and the diminishing income of the Veneerings, the author is acutely aware, and minutely communicative. The book may be of value to the future historian of the influence of the income tax on imaginative literature.

Humbug, by E. M. Delafield. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.00.

DISILLUSIONMENT is Miss Delafield's specialty. Her first novel, The War Workers, was a fresh breeze in the fetid atmosphere of patriotic hypocrisy. The Pelicans, Consequences, Tension blew in other murky places of society. Humbug sets in motion the mist in which lurk devoted parents, romantic aunts, and omniscient head-mistresses—all the people who know with deadly certainty what is good for their victims. We shall try to keep out of the draught and continue to enjoy the spectacle of Miss Delafield's rapidly peopling limbo.

Quiet Interior, by E. B. Jones. New York: Boni and Liveright. $2.00.

MISS JONES is a more disinterested artist than Miss Delafield. She deals with much the same sort of human imbroglios in the same world, but without animus, without contempt. It is not the intelligence of the author which plays over the human scene, but that of the heroine; and in its light her little love story of restraint, futility, acquiescence, takes on a wistful and pathetic beauty. It is the author's art to fuse background and human relations into a picture in which the values are modulated to a harmony of pale yellow, dull blue, sober gray.

Adrienne Toner, by Anne Douglas Sedgwick. Houghton Mifflin & Co. $2.00.

IN Adrienne Toner, as in Tante and A Fountain Sealed, Miss Sedgwick has built up a consistent character out of uniform blocks of description, incident, and speech. Adrienne is Dulcy in a higher sphere, furnished with a superior brand of platitude, more impervious self-confidence, and a larger opportunity of messing in people's lives. "It's an awkward thing to play with souls, and hard enough to save one's own." Miss Sedgwick thinks that Adrienne has saved hers, but the reader is not so sure. Granted that the war proved precisely the fit occasion for the exercise of Adrienne's gift: so much the worse for war. That Oldmeadow who was Adrienne's original nemesis should have offered to marry her after living with her for a month shows his chivalry—toward Miss Sedgwick—but it is incomprehensible on other grounds. That he really should have wanted Adrienne, not even the carnage and shell shock through which he has passed or the lure of her nursing will make us believe.

Cytherea, by Joseph Hergesheimer. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

CYTHEREA sets the old problem of a breach of love in middle-aged bones. It is worked out in a perfectly mastered background of country club society. It is conceived from a single point of view, and the entire action staged in the mind of Lee Brandon, the hero. The reinforcement of symbolism, which Mr. Hergesheimer invoked by means of the statue in Linda Condon, is here introduced through the doll which from a shop window seduces Brandon with its modern rendering of the implacable Aphrodite. Here in fact we have all the elements of the six-cylinder novel, model 1922, assembled by a master craftsman. It is hard to explain why we get so little speed. Perhaps this excessively modern car is too heavy for the engine.

The Ways of Laughter, by Harold Begbie. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.00.

HERE again we have the story of love misgraffed in respect of years; but whereas Mr. Hergesheimer works in tragedy Mr. Begbie plays in comedy. The two old men, Napper and Barnet, are conventionally comic figures, and the former's love story furnishes the farcial sub-plot to the delicately spun web of Barnet's love for his friend's daughter. Everything is modulated to the key of laughter. Even the episode of Mary Napper's passion for the returned soldier, ending in what old-fashioned people would call her ruin, serves the ends of happiness in this laughing world by removing the sense of constraint from her more mature lover. If Mr. Hergesheimer's heavily built car lumbers a little heavily, Mr. Begbie's seems at times a bit too light to keep the road; but when it strikes the ditch it always bounds vivaciously back to the concrete.

Gentle Julia, by Booth Tarkington. New York: Doubleday Page and Company. $1.75.

GENTLE JULIA accords with the seasonal taste for soft, sweet and cool drink. It is refreshing and harmless. Its special formula is that of the nut sundae, in which Julia furnishes the delicious core of ice cream, the children (of Mr. Tarkington's usual get) provide the bitter-sweet chocolate sauce, and Noble Dill is the nut.

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The New Economics

Principles of the New Economics, by Lionel D. Edie. New York: Crowell Publishing Company. $2.75.

THERE are probably few outside the academic world who know or care enough about the "new economics" to realize its significance. Yet the change in the method and in the content of economics courses which is gradually taking place, and the increasing inclusion of economics in secondary school curricula, indicate a vitality in that subject which will eventually be felt in the conduct of affairs. There have always been economists who in respect to their pet subjects supplied a practical, dynamic setting which left the student really informed and equipped. Professor Taussig's students have no sense of theoretical abstruseness about tariff issues. Professor Ely's students have more than book knowledge about unearned increments. But that is a natural result of the contagion of the effective teacher's personality. The real problem is to determine to what extent a study of economics gives the student a picture of the world of business and industrial interrelations, of the actual processes by which the functions of credit issue, corporate promotion, production, marketing and the rest are carried on.

The growing dissatisfaction with the conventional treatment of the abstractions—of value, marginal utility, supply and demand—without relation to the facts of current business operation is well attested by the recent interest in a new economics that business men, no less than the required student, will be attracted to read. Marshall and Lyon's Our Economic Organization is a decidedly significant straw showing the current drift. So also in a less degree is Clay's Economics for the General Reader. And so also is Professor Edie's book. The ultimate aim in all these books is the same, although Professor Edie has most definitely of the three parted company with his orthodox brethren in the interest of a psychological interpretation of economic phenomena. What all are really after, however, is an exposition and description of the working of the modern economic organization. The word "function" recurs. What are the essential functions in the providing of food, clothes, and shelter? What are the institutional structures designed to fulfill those functions? Are structure and function intelligently matched? These are the questions preoccupying the new economics.

Professor Edie's book will probably not be hailed as the definitive book upon this new approach because of its emphatically psychological bias and because the functional studies of specific industries upon which a magnum opus in descriptive economics must draw for supporting data, have not yet been made. The author may, however, well congratulate himself upon showing his confrères that a dynamic psychological point of view offers its own special insight upon many old problems. And he is to be congratulated upon the thoroughness with which he has mastered the related books. If the process of digestion occasionally seems to have taken more time than that of assimilation and independent creation, that is little to be wondered at considering the size of the task in hand.

As indicating an important tendency, as showing the younger economists how one new approach can be developed, Professor Edie's book has great merit. It is doubtful whether it will ever be widely used as a text-book, or read generally by business readers. A vitally pioneer enterprise of a courageous and independent character, it cannot expect the recognition which a more mature handling of the same method will secure five years hence. Professor Edie undoubtedly realizes that this is the reward and the penalty of breaking new ground. ORDWAY TEAD.

The Iron Man In Industry, by Arthur Pound. Boston: Atlantic Monthly Press. $1.75.

MR. POUND has written the earnest document of the new convert to old truths. His book enjoys the merits of a fresh zeal, a good style and a vigorous manner, while it adds little if anything to the scholarship on a difficult subject. Miss Marot, Carleton Parker, Professors Dewey and Veblen, John A. Hobson—these and numerous others have been analyzing the extent of monotonous, unskilled, quickly-mastered tasks in modern industry and have been pointing to the educational implications and needs of the situation revealed. Their work leaves room for valuable future service in two directions. We need intensive, first-hand studies of specific factories to determine what the required intellectual content of individual jobs really is in order to draw up a program for arousing interest both in the work itself and in the corporate project as a whole. Probably when generalization gives way to experiment it will be found that a good deal of genuine interest can be recovered to industrial tasks which now appear devoid of any mental challenge.

We need, in the second place, concrete educational plans for inspiriting our continuation school curricula and for socializing secondary school training—plans, in short, which will rescue the twelve to eighteen year period from cultural inanition.

Mr. Pound does not, however, profess to be meeting either of these needs. He disclaims any ability to speak constructively, and the feeling is unavoidable that his generalizations are built out of too much emphasis on Flint, Michigan, and the automobile industry. But if he can bring a new and sizeable audience of educators, manufacturers, and union leaders to awareness of the educational implications of industrial monotony, his exceedingly readable book will be amply justified.

Contributors

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